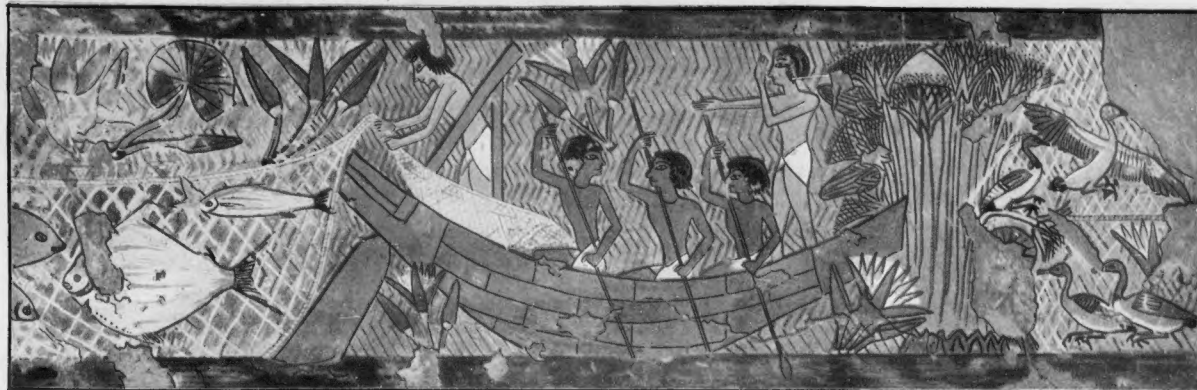


THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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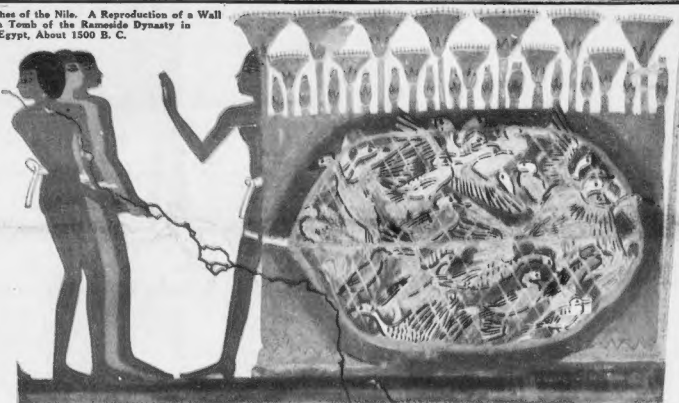
Sunday, May 31, 1931



Fishing in the Marshes of the Nile. A Reproduction of a Wall Painting in a Tomb of the Rameside Dynasty in Egypt, About 1500 B. C.

Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians

Curious and Interesting Customs Revealed by Remarkable Tomb Paintings



Fowling Netting Birds in a Papyrus Swamp. From a Wall Painting in the Tomb of Nakht, at Thebes, Egypt.

Slaves Making Cheese. From a Rameside Dynasty Tomb Painting.

(Illustrations reproduced from the Tomb of Hunefer, Thebes, Egypt, by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)



Bringing in Lotus Leaves With Ripened Seed Pods for Making the Bread Called "Lily Loaves." From a Painting in the Tomb of Puyemre, Thebes.

4—How and What They Ate.

IN Exodus, 16:3 it is recited that the Children of Israel murmured against Moses in the Wilderness, saying: "Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt, where we sat by the fleshpots."

Since then "the fleshpots of Egypt" has been a popular phrase for luxurious living.

Athenaeus, a Greek antiquarian of the third century, born in Egypt, wrote that the Pharaoh Nectaneb marched against Ochus, King of Persia, in 340 B. C., and was defeated. As was the custom of the time, Ochus entertained his royal captive at a feast. He noticed that his involuntary guest did not seem enthusiastic over the courses. The Pharaoh explained that if he were allowed to send for some of his own cooks Ochus would learn the reason for his dissatisfaction. The Persian consented, and after eating the dishes they prepared said to the Pharaoh:

"How foolish you were to leave meals like this to try to conquer me!"

Whether the story is true or not, the chefs of Egypt were as famous in the ancient world as French chefs are in the modern. How varied and elaborate their menus were is shown in the wall paintings of their tombs. Here every dish and drink, each fruit, vegetable and meat is painted in accurate detail. This was done not through any love of art in itself, but for love of the eatables and drinkables themselves, because the owner of the tomb believed the food and drink would "come to life" under certain conditions, and that his "Ka," or

spiritual double, who lived in the tomb, could partake of them. Bowls, cups, spoons and knives probably originated in Egypt. The first platter was quite likely a leaf, the first cups were gourds or coconut hulls, the first spoon a shell and the first knife a chipped stone or a sharp edge of shell. One day somebody discovered that clay could be patted into cup shape and be given a flat bottom, so it would not roll over like the gourds and spill the contents. For centuries these clay receptacles were baked in the sun. Then some one else came home to find his hut burned down. Poking around in the ashes, he found that the fire had made his pots much harder and more durable than the sun did. So, probably, the whole art of pottery and ceramics was born on the banks of the Nile.

They had no forks. Even Cleopatra ate with her fingers. One commentator remarks that while a man could pick up a haunch of hyena or a whole goose in his two hands and crunch away at it, it was not considered etiquette for the ladies to do this. Their meat was cut up on their plates by slaves.

It is a little known fact, but the first known dinner club was invented by Cleopatra. She called it the Amimetoboli, or Inimitable Livers. She started it to amuse Mark Antony, and the most extraordinary and unusual dishes were provided—oysters and scallops from faraway Britain, cranes from Melos, preserved fish from the Black Sea, peacocks from Samos, ass-fish from Pessinus, sturgeon from Rhodes—all sorts of queer dainties from hundreds of miles away. Cleopatra spent for

(Continued on Page 2)

When Little Charlie Chaplin Played in a Traveling English Road-Show



Charlie Chaplin at the Age of 15. Even Today This Picture Has Features That Have Become Familiar to Millions of Movie Patrons.

CHARLIE Chaplin, probably the most famous and one of the wealthiest movie stars, has recently been revealed by a boyhood guardian as a person who always has taken his art with intense seriousness and who was bound to succeed because of his knack of making money and saving it.

This guardian, a former road-show actress, whose name is Miss Edith Scales and who now lives quietly in Scarborough, England, was moved by Chaplin's recent triumphal visit to England with his latest picture, to reminisce about the famous comedian's theatrical beginnings and some of the amusing things he did away back in 1904, when he was an ambitious young actor of fifteen.

"I first met Charlie," Miss Scales relates, "when he joined the road company which was touring England with Charles Frohman's Sherlock Holmes. There was no one to look after the boy so I took him under my wing.

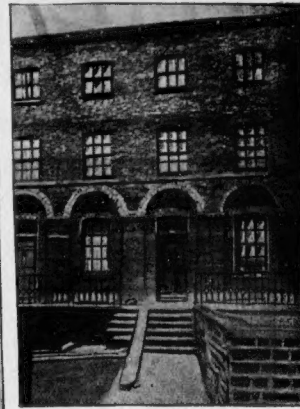
"I remember one Saturday that Charlie was late for a matinee performance in which he was playing two parts, that of Billy, a newsboy detective, and of a page boy. When he finally arrived at the theatre and found that another boy was dressed in his clothes and on the stage, he broke out in tears and could not be comforted until the beginning of the second act, when he was allowed to resume his two roles.



Charlie Chaplin as "Billy," the Newspaper-Boy Detective in "Sherlock Holmes," a Favorite English Stock Play When Chaplin Was a Lad of 14.

"Even at the age of 15 Charlie was a hard-headed business man," said his onetime guardian. "To make extra money on the road he bought a five-shilling camera and, during his free time, used to go about, usually among

groups of working people, snapping their pictures. He printed the photographs himself and sold them to his customers for threepence and sixpence each. He was not afraid to work hard, and he looked upon no honest way



Where Charlie Chaplin Was Born—No. 3 Parnell Terrace, in Kennington Road, One of a Row of Simple English Dwellings Built in the Nineteenth Century.

of making money as beneath his dignity, even though he enjoyed the status and had the temperament of an actor.

"One day, when the company was staying at the Market Hotel, in Blackburn, Charlie noticed that the hotel sitting room was filled with farmers, in town because it was market day. He walked into the midst of the country folks and began singing songs in what was then his pronounced Cockney accent. And he finished his bit of entertainment by going into a clog dance—he was real clog dancer, too. His audience laughed until the tears streamed down their faces, but their amusement was somewhat lessened when Charlie circulated among them with his hat in his hand. He intended that his audience should pay for the impromptu show—and they did.

"Charlie wasn't mean, but he never threw away money unnecessarily. I recall how he used to check every item on the bills rendered him by landladies when we were on the road, and how he used to knock off items for services he hadn't been given. If he had been out to town one day during the week, he would deduct a proportionate amount of the bill.

"Everybody liked Charlie, though, and even in those days he was wonderfully clever. He deserves his success."

Private Lives of the Ancient Egyptians—How and What They Ate

(Continued from Front Page.)

tunes on these feasts, at which handsome men slaves served the women and the most beautiful girl slaves filled the wine cups of the men.

When, not so long ago, the house of Nekht, vizier to the heretic Pharaoh Akhenaton, the father-in-law of Tutankhamen, was excavated at Tel-el-Amarna, in Egypt, his dining hall was uncovered. By studying it and comparing it with certain tomb paintings, the archaeologists were able to reconstruct a banquet of the ancient Egyptians, thirteen hundred years before Christ's time.

The host and his wife received their guests with ceremony in the entrance lobby. The ladies were crowned with coronets and lotus flowers and a dome-like lump of perfumed ointment was placed on the top of everyone's head, whence it trickled down their necks gradually as it melted. When one lump was gone, another was put in its place.

We find a memory of this custom in Psalm 133, v. 2:

Prize Hound Bigger Than Mistress

PUGNACIOUS-looking bulldogs, low-slung Scotties and polka-dotted coach dogs came in for their usual share of attention at the recent championship dog show held in Manchester, England, but the hit of the show was a long, lean, red-faced Russian wolfhound named Doris.

There were other wolfhounds exhibited, but Doris outshone them because of her unusual size. When her owner, Miss Dulcie Bradshaw, holds the pet's front paws and stands the dog erect on her slim hind legs, Doris towers almost two feet above the top of her mistress' head.

The dog is not, strictly speaking, a freak, because in physique and coloring it conforms to the standards by which thoroughbred wolfhounds are judged. But it is an oddity because of its extraordinary size and weight.

Doris was easily the most popular feature of the annual gathering of blue-blooded dogs, but she did not go home with a blue ribbon on her collar because there were several other wolfhounds exhibited that conformed more closely to the ideal type by which all wolfhounds are judged. Strangely enough, Doris' great size, which made her the outstanding dog among the several hundred pets shown at Manchester, robbed her of championship honors, for her rapid growth has been made at the sacrifice of symmetry.

Miss Bradshaw raised her sizable pet from a pup and personally prepared all its meals, which include considerably more fresh meat than it is customary to feed the graceful and rather delicate dogs. She believes that this may account in part for the dog's phenomenal size, although Doris' father was bigger than the average wolfhound.

Englishmen are great dog-lovers and many of the standard breeds of dogs have been brought to perfection by breeders on the British Isles. It is only within recent years, however, that Britishers have gone in for raising Russian wolfhounds on a large scale, because of the more than ordinary difficulty of bringing the dogs to maturity in perfect health.

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments." A recollection straight down out of the days of Israel's bondage in Egypt.

In the dining hall was a platform of perforated stone. The guests took off their sandals and stood on this while slaves washed their feet. Water was also poured from an ewer on their hands held over a basin. The table was in the center of the room, but no one sat at it. They sat around the walls and were served by the slaves from closely woven wicker baskets. The meals were brought in as a rule from the kitchen outside, but certain birds were liked piping hot, "right off the griddle." So in the dining hall was a movable copper brazier in which a cook roasted the fowl on a spit while the meal was going on.

They had one extremely interesting idea. They served the worst wines first in small glasses, and the glasses became bigger as the wines grew better. The royal kitchens were immense. The Pharaoh not only had to supply food to his regular servants but to his dead ones also in the form of funerary offerings. Every official whom any business took to the Palace had to be

fed. In the royal kitchens, too, everyone had his place in a scale of rank far more complicated than a diplomatic dinner at the White House in Washington. The cake-maker went before the soufflé-maker who was never preceded by the jam-maker, and all were a long way behind the three noble meat-carvers.

The royal guests were first served with red cabbage, sesame seeds, sautéed and cummin, horse-d'oeuvres intended to raise a great thirst, to be quenched by Hittite wines, beer, oil called "the delight of the throat" and brandy "which makes a man go out of his soul." They liked their meat roasted on wood, and were famous for their blood-gravies.

Dancers, acrobats and musicians amused the diners as course after course came on—soup, roast fowl, legs of small calves and gruzzles, entrees, roasts, stew, salmon, pickled onions and Nile melons, fish and ostrich eggs, fruits.

They were especially fond of castor oil, using it for cooking and for salad dressing. The modern Egyptians still use this oil for their salads.

They ate seeds of the lotus plant, and the spring shoots of it, either raw or baked. "Lily leaves," made from the roots and seeds of the lotus, were the delight of the gourmand.

After each course the servants brought basins and pitchers of perfumed water with fine towels for wiping greasy hands. After all the solid food had passed and repasted, they ate cakes, large and small, stuffed with nuts, raisins, fruits and seeds of all kinds. There is no evidence that they ever used spices in cooking.

Birds of all kinds were thick in the swamps and marshes along the Nile, and the Egyptians ate almost every kind—from storks to reed-birds. On the preceding page is a painting from the tombs at Thebes showing fowling nets and birds which have been caught in a marsh snare. This and the other illustrations on these pages are from a series of volumes printed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and called the Robb de Peyser Tytus Memorial Series. They contain remarkable reproductions of the scenes of their daily life with which the ancient Egyptians decorated their tombs. The reproductions on the preceding page were copied from wall paintings in the tomb of Nebamun, painted by Nina de Garis Davies, H. R. Hogwood and F. S. Duvivier.

They show that the Israelites had real reason for lamenting that they had "the fleaspoia of Egypt."

(Continued Next Week)

Massachusetts Rooster Last of Species

AMONG the noisy flocks of sea gulls which inhabit the air and the sea about the island of Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts, is one lonely old bird that looks but little like his numerous cronies and spends most of his time flying alone or browsing around for food among the scrub oaks on the island.

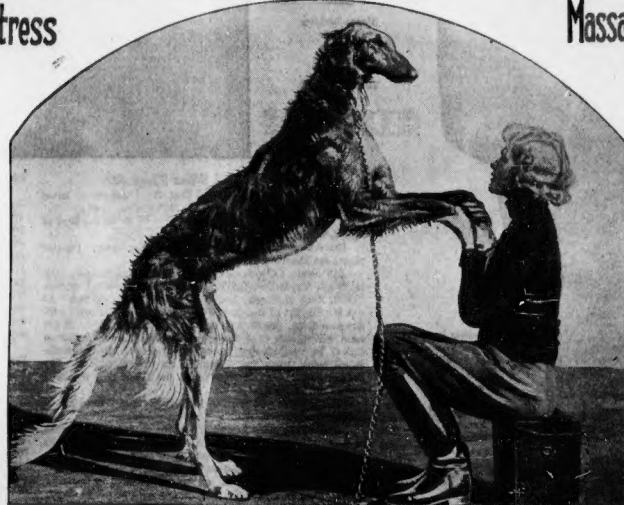
He is the pet, not only of the natives but of the scientists of the United States Biological Survey, who have, at last, given up a long and expensive search to find a mate for him. He is, so far as is known, the last heath hen on earth, and when he dies, his species, which once inhabited the Atlantic coast in countless thousands will be extinct.

Early settlers on the Atlantic seaboard found the heath hen from Maine to Virginia. It was much like the Western prairie chicken in size and appearance and always lived in large flocks.

As early as Civil War times, hunters had driven the birds from the mainland and the only places that the heath hen could be found were the islands off the coast. Heath hen hunting became a popular sport, and the birds fell easy prey to sportsmen's guns because of their habit of flying slowly and always in a straight line. And usually the birds flew in flocks, so that they were slaughtered in large numbers.

By the year 1925, bird lovers realized that gunners stalking the heath hens in their island haunts were rapidly killing off the once numerous birds, and a conference was held to see what could be done about saving the species. That the conference failed to check the hunters is apparent in the fact that the lonesome rooster on Martha's Vineyard is the last of his line.

The wild pigeon suffered the fate of the heath hen several years ago because hunters found the shooting of the bird exciting sport. All the articles depicting the activities of so-called "game hogs" and various conferences held by persons interested in conserving the bird life of the country had no effect. The wild pigeon is now listed among the feathered inhabitants of America which have been wiped out in the interest of so-called sport.

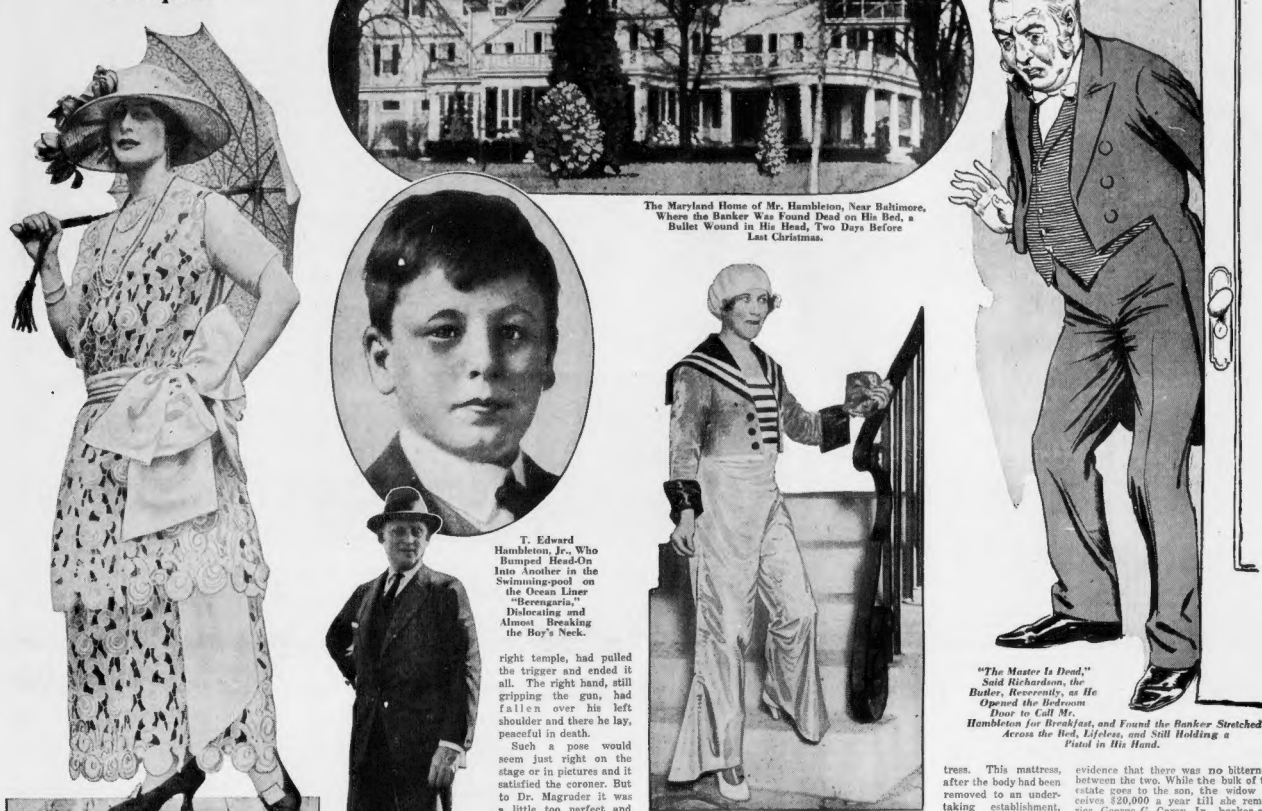


Miss Dulcie Bradshaw With Her Prize-Winning Russian Wolfhound "Doris," Which, When Photographed, Was Being Entered in the Manchester Championship Show.

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Who Killed Mr. Hambleton, Multi-Millionaire Banker?

He Shot Himself, Said the Police; He Could NOT Have Shot Himself, Insists Dr. Magruder, and Gives Six Reasons That Are Hard to Explain



Mrs. T. Edward Hambleton, Who Was at Reno for a Divorce When the Fatal Pistol Bullet Made Her a Widow and Rendered Further Legal Action Unnecessary.

THE difference between a murder mystery on the stage or in a detective novel and a murder mystery in real life is that the theatre audience or the readers of the novel are kept in suspense, but in the end are told who committed the crime.

At the present moment the fashionable and wealthy of Park Avenue, New York, Palm Beach and Baltimore, Maryland, have a genuine, true-life murder mystery surrounding the killing of Mr. T. Edward Hambleton, internationally known banker. And in this case there is no certainty that the mystery will be explained in any final chapter.

Two days before last Christmas, this member of a distinguished Maryland family, prominent socially in his own State and in New York, sportsman and soldier, with a brilliant record in the World War, was found shot to death in his bedroom in his richly furnished residence in Lutherville, a fashionable suburb of Baltimore.

Mr. Hambleton was the head of Hambleton & Company, the investment banking firm, and the Hamilton Corporation, and besides his private fortune he carried \$4,000,000 worth of life insurance. Mr. Hambleton had maintained homes in Park Avenue, New York City, and Maryland and Florida.

The police authorities usually select the easiest way, and when Mr. Hambleton's body was found stretched across his bed, a pistol in his hand, they officially wrote "suicide" and closed the incident on their records. The body, clad in pajamas, dressing gown and slippers, was discovered by Richardson, the butler. Mr. Hambleton was lying on his back in a normal sleeping position. His right arm was crossed over his breast, the hand resting on his left shoulder and clasping a .38-calibre pistol. The bed covering was pulled up neatly over the shoulders and the bed was in no way disarranged. His left arm lay at his side in an easy posture.

For several weeks nothing was done to challenge the official record, but

meanwhile members of Mr. Hambleton's family and firm became increasingly puzzled by certain facts which made the verdict of suicide seem improbable. In the first place he had abandoned a hunting trip and come all the way back from Indo-China in order to enjoy Christmas with his mother and his only son, and it seemed most unlikely that he would spoil their happiness by killing himself in his own home two days before Christmas. Furthermore, they had found no motive for such an act. His last evening had been spent in his parent good spirits with his mother.

Therefore, it was decided to employ Dr. W. Edward Magruder, an insurance physician, to make an investigation of the banker's death. After a long study of the case, Dr. Magruder has started Baltimore by charging that Mr. Hambleton could not possibly have killed himself, but must have been murdered and then his body carefully fixed up to look like suicide. He lists the following six reasons:

Mr. Hambleton had no reason for suicide. No one in the house heard the shot. The position of the body, while superficially looking like suicide, to the eyes of an expert was all wrong. The pistol did not belong in the dead man's armory.

There were no powder burns on the flesh. He could not have inflicted the wound in his temple and held the gun as it was found in his hand. The most striking part of Dr. Magruder's findings center about the gun, the wound and how the body was found. To persons unfamiliar with such things, everything looked just the way it ought to look if a man first placed himself neatly and comfortably in bed and then pointing the muzzle at his

T. Edward Hambleton, Jr., Who Bumped Head-On Into Another in the Swimmingpool on the Ocean Liner "Berenaria," Dislocating and Almost Breaking the Boy's Neck.

right temple, had pulled the trigger and ended it all. The right hand, still gripping the gun, had fallen over his left shoulder and there he lay, peaceful in death.

Such a pose would seem just right on stage or in pictures and it satisfied the coroner. But to Dr. Magruder it was a little too perfect and close study revealed certain details that did not fit. In the first place no powder marks were found about the wound though the cartridges contained black powder, and tests showed that to have inflicted such a wound the weapon must have been fired at a distance of at least four feet.

The wound where the bullet entered the right temple was a small one and clean-cut, where it came out on the opposite side of the head it left a gaping wound as was to be expected. Repeated tests in the hands of experts showed that when a bullet leaves the muzzle of a pistol of this type, it wobbles for a short distance, during which, if it strikes an object, a large irregular hole is made, not a small, neat one such as that entering the wound.

Furthermore, at short range the powder grains, have a fifteen-inch spread so that the entire right side of the head should have been marked by them if it had been held in Hambleton's own hand. The undertaker and his assistant have both said that there were no powder marks at all.

Mr. Hambleton was a fairly vigorous man of 45, just back from a strenuous hunting trip in Indo-China, and when a person makes a violent death his body almost invariably has reflex movements, involuntary spasmodic jerks that would have disturbed what Dr. Magruder regards as a suspiciously peaceful attitude with his left arm by his side, his legs straight out and the covers drawn up smoothly under his chin.

The fact that the pistol was still gripped in his right hand would seem to a layman evidence that he had fired the shot himself. To Dr. Magruder it is strong evidence that he did not fire the shot.

The weapon was described carefully in the coroner's report as a .32 calibre, but it was in fact a .38 and a gun of that size has considerable kick, enough almost certainly to have kicked itself out of the suicide's hand, if he had been a suicide. Had it been found lying on the floor at the right side of the bed, Dr. Magruder would be more inclined to think it indicated the possibility of

The Maryland Home of Mr. Hambleton, Near Baltimore, Where the Banker Was Found Dead on His Bed, a Bullet Wound in His Head, Two Days Before Last Christmas.



Mrs. Hambleton in Fancy Dress Costume at Charles Munn's Costume Ball at Palm Beach.

self-inflicted death. Instead the right hand and gun were lying on the left shoulder, in the opposite direction from that in which the kick should have driven them.

But even supposing that the pistol could have stayed in his hand, after the shot which went clear through the head, causing instantaneous death, the position in which the dead man gripped it again disputes the possibility of suicide, according to Dr. Magruder. This position was the normal one, with three fingers around the butt and the index finger curled around the trigger, the way anyone would naturally hold a pistol. However, viewing it with an expert's eye, Dr. Magruder says of this firing position:

"In this position it is impossible to pull the trigger with the index finger or by any other normal firing method. The position he would have had to take cramps the muscles in a way that prevented the required force being applied to pull the trigger. But the position of the pistol in his hand when he was found behind the post of his head, firing it upside down, using his thumb on the trigger. Apparently whoever shot him laid him out afterward in what they considered a perfect suicidal attitude. It was too perfect."

As a matter of fact, it is only a presumption, not a certainty that the pistol, found in the dead man's hand, fired the bullet that killed him. Police Magistrate William P. Butler, who also acts as coroner, viewed the body and quickly dismissed the tragedy in a sentence:

"It is a clear case of suicide; no inquest will be necessary."

Being so positive, he was not concerned to make much search for the bullet, which was never found, and yet it could not have gotten out of the death chamber unless somebody carried it out. Dr. Magruder says of the missing bullet:

"It passed through his head, struck a telephone stand, ricocheted, hitting the bedpost and glancing from there apparently into the blood-stained mat-

On this theory the bullet was carried out accidentally and innocently, but when Dr. Magruder got on the case he found the ashes of the incinerator and found no lead. However, this proves nothing because precious metals had passed and some ashes had been removed possibly containing the bullet. If the bullet did not bury itself in the mattress, which is only a conjecture, it may have dropped on the floor and been picked up by the murderer. This pistol, considered all by itself, is a mysterious and suspicious object. According to Dr. Magruder's report:

"Mr. Hambleton was not known ever to have used or owned such a pistol as was found in his hand. None of his kind was ever known to have been around the house. We have made extensive investigations along this line. We found from the pistol manufacturers that it was sold in 1926 to a New York firm which soon afterward sold out its business and destroyed its records. The pistol, therefore, vanished from the record five years ago. An army officer, one of four ballistics experts called into the case, noted that the pistol showed holster marks. Mr. Hambleton never carried a pistol in a holster."

The banker was a famous hunter, soldier and firearms fancier who always had a considerable armory of pistols and other weapons in the house. Therefore, it is at least remarkable that if he decided to shoot himself he would prefer to use none of his own favorite and tried weapons but do so with an old second-hand gun that he had never favored before.

At the time of his death it was supposed that the financial matters had prompted the suicide, but a survey of his estate shows no reason there. Another motive seemed to lie in the fact that his wife, the former Adelaide Rose McAlpin, of New York City, was in Reno waiting for her husband to file a divorce. This seemed plausible to outsiders, but members of the family knew that for most of the twenty years of their married life the two had not been happy together and that the prospect of a permanent parting was as much a relief to the husband as to the wife.

Mr. Hambleton is among those who are convinced that her husband did not take his life. She faints at the news and it was broken to her in Reno and immediately came home. The will is

evidence that there was no bitterness between the two. While the bulk of the estate goes to the son, the widow receives \$20,000 a year till she remarries. George G. Carey, Jr., banker and sportsman, who was with the deceased on his trip, states:

"Mr. Hambleton went abroad to escape publicity of his wife's divorce suit and to see Soviet officials about underwriting a large amount of short-term loans. Although anxious to kill a tiger, he insisted on cutting the trip short to hurry home and spend Christmas with his mother and son, who came from Yale for the reunion. He planned to return after Christmas and shoot his tiger."

Only a few days before his death Mr. Hambleton was conferring over the telephone with a Mr. Jacobs in New York about forming a new company and made an appointment to meet him later. Up to the day of his death he was busy arranging Christmas presents for the servants as well as his own family and planning a happy Christmas day. Until 10 o'clock of the evening of his death he was chatting cheerfully with his mother at her home. Dr. Magruder and the family think it more than strange, under such circumstances, that he would take that occasion to shoot himself.

While nobody is accused, Dr. Magruder mentions that a band of "rug-burglars" were active in Baltimore at the time. Of the \$4,000,000 life insurance carried by Mr. Hambleton, \$750,000 in favor of his firm had not been paid because of a clause voiding it in case of suicide within two years after it was written. Coroner Butler declined to comment on the new disclosures and County Prosecutor James C. L. Anderson said:

"I do not intend to pay any attention to a man who comes down out of a blue sky with a report like that."

Mr. Hambleton, whose death may therefore be named forever as an unfinished story, served with distinction in the World War, entering the conflict in 1915 as Major. He participated in the Montdidier-Noyon defensive in the Toul Lorraine fighting, the Alsace-Marne, the Cte-Aisne and the Meuse-Argonne battles. He was awarded the Distinguished Order of the British, the Legion of Honor and the Order des Palmes Universitaires by France and the Distinguished Service Medal by the United States. His son, T. Edward Hambleton, Jr., nearly lost his life recently in the swimming pool of the liner "Berenaria."

Here the public seem to have a real-life murder mystery—but unlike the novels and stage dramas the secret of the murderer seems unlikely to be revealed.

Famous Without Wealth, Position, Or Even Beauty



Mila Agnes Mojskovic, Whose Features Adorn the Soviet's New Paper Money. In Her Case, She Was Selected Because Her Type of Beauty Was Said to Be Basically Russian.



Not Beautiful, but to Become One of the Best Known Faces in Italy. Signorina Speranza of Milan, Whose Likeness Is Being Used on New Italian Bonds.

For many centuries the honor of having their portraits cast on coins and printed on paper money, government bonds and postage stamps, was reserved for kings, queens, distinguished soldiers and brilliant statesmen. It is only within recent years that governments have authorized artists and sculptors to use as the models for portraits to grace "legal tender" persons not nationally famous.

Strangely enough, this business of immortalizing unknowns by printing or casting likenesses of them on the bills and coins which circulate in varying quantities in everybody's pocket, is not confined to republics which have no emperors to extol. Sweden, which is still successfully operating a king at the helm of government, recently selected Froken von Schmitterlow, the daughter of a merchant in a small town, as the model for a face to ornament a new issue of paper money.

Italy, which keeps its royal house although Benito Mussolini rules the nation about as he chooses, recently has departed from time-honored custom and put the profile of a little known signorina on a large issue of bank notes, and more recently, circulated an issue of government bonds bearing the features of a Milanese girl.

Soviet Russia, of course, would be expected to go to "the people" for a face to decorate its paper money. But it was supposed, until a commission of artists and sculptors picked an unknown girl by the name of Agnes Mojskovic, that the features of some of the Soviet powers-that-be would replace the regal profiles of the once all-powerful Muscovite czars who had their own pictures put on the coin of the realm in the days before the revolution.

In the United States it has been the custom to use idealized figures on coins and to pay tribute to some of the great men of the nation only on paper money, bonds and postage stamps. Abraham Lincoln is the only American statesman, living or dead, whose features are minted on a unit of the nation's metal money. Several years ago the once familiar Indian cent was replaced by the so-called "Lincoln penny," which also is a cent. The heads and figures on all the other United

States coins are of persons, actual or realized, undistinguished in national life.

Chief Iron Tail, whose profile graces one side of the "Buffalo nickel," is still alive and, since the minting of the coin, has become something of a national figure. To the world at large, as well as to his own countrymen, he was not an especially well known person until millions of bas-reliefs of him made their way into countless pockets and handbags.

Mussolini, in explanation of his decision to select a virtually unknown woman to pose for the figure on the new Italian bank notes, said he believed that modern money should be modern in design and that so common a commodity as bank notes should not necessarily carry the likeness of a distinguished person. It might better be ornamented with the likeness of a typical citizen.

It so happened that the committee of artists and sculptors assigned to the job of finding a "typical" Italian woman, had an eye for beauty and selected Signorina Hilda Piccolo, who is more than ordinarily good looking. Some months later, when another model was needed to pose for the artist commissioned to design a new series of government bonds, several hundred possible subjects were studied and Signorina Esperia Speranza of Milan eventually was chosen.

Neither of these women was nationally known until engravings of her features were circulated all over the country. Today they are known all over Italy and in the country's far-flung colonies where their portraits are common in a form that can't help being popular.

The ruling house of Sweden had but to say the word and the picture of the king or the queen would have been placed on the new paper money of that country. But King Gustaf V, being democratic fellow, thought it would be a much more appropriate idea to ornament the currency with the picture of a typical Swedish girl. As was done in Italy, a commission of artists got on the job and after considering scores of young women eligible for the distinction, finally selected the daughter of a small-town merchant, who is now well known from one end of the country to the other.

An American girl, Miss Margaret Boring, of Magnolia, Kansas, gained fame in a lesser degree when the directors of that local chamber of commerce picked her as a typical Kansan and embellished their stationery with her profile.



Coyle Baker, Foreman of the Fishing Consensus in Boston Which Found, Among a Recent Catch, the Interesting Specimen of the Rare Leopard Fish Shown in the Photograph.

Liveliest Ape in the London Zoo

THE monkey house of the London Zoo boasts one of the greatest collections of apes in captivity. Anthropologists frequently visit the place to study the appearance and the habits of a score of what may be man's nearest relatives, ranging from tiny monkeys that can be held in the palm of one hand to deep-chested gorillas having the strength of half a dozen husky humans.

Of all the inhabitants of the monkey house, a Borneo gibbon recently acquired by the zoo is far and away the most active and agile. He can, because of his extremely long arms and legs, and his light weight, leap and swing circles about the most physically facile of his cronies.

Gibbons are found not only in the jungles of Borneo, but in Java, Sumatra, Malacca and Siam. They usually travel in troops or in families

and seldom leave the tree-tops unless one of their number is in danger. Natives have seen a whole family of gibbons, running away from a hungry tiger, return to harass the beast if one of the ape fell a prey to its fangs.

The long-armed apes travel through the trees with arrow-like speed, swinging from branch to branch and dropping straight downward from dizzy heights, to catch the lower branches and continue their flashy maneuvers.

One of the most amazing of the gymnastic accomplishments of the gibbon is his ability to fly through the trees in a series of aerial somersaults, first catching a branch with his long fingers, then whirling in the air and grasping another distant branch with his toes. Sometimes a gibbon will travel for miles in this loop-the-loop manner.

Gibbons are the most timid of the primates and the most difficult to capture or kill. At the first sign of danger they leap into action and frequently are several miles away before a hunter realizes that he has been within shooting distance of the animal.

The natives of Borneo call the gibbons "woi-woi" because the shrill, rather melancholy cry of the ape sounds like that. None of the six species of gibbon grows more than three feet in height and all of them are surprisingly light in weight for their size.



The Borneo Gibbon, Which Is One of the Liveliest of the Apes, Was Captured a Few Months Ago and Is Attracting Much Interest at the London Zoo.



Froken von Schmitterlow, Hitherto Virtually Unknown, Whose Face Is Etched Upon Sweden's Paper Money.

Miss Margaret Boring, of Magnolia, Arkansas, An American Girl Who Rose From Obscurity When Her Home Town Reproduced Her Features on Its Official Stationery and Chamber of Commerce Pamphlets.

Rare Leopard Fish Is Caught

MANY curious denizens of the sea are caught in the nets of fishermen operating off the coast of New England and as far north as the icy waters of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. But it was not until a few weeks ago that the crew of a small fishing boat brought into Boston the only "leopard fish" as far as is known, ever caught in the North Atlantic.

Just what family this spotted inhabitant of the sea belongs to is difficult to say, but scientists who studied the specimen believe that it is a relative of the so-called "spotted tooth fish" which is known to live in the warm water off

the coast of Florida and about the islands of the West Indies.

The spotted tooth fish and its cousins belong to a low order of fish undistinguished as swimmers or as an article of food. Their fins are not as highly developed as those of most of the fish found in the sea and they spend most of their time moving sluggishly along the bottom—in shallow or medium-deep water.

In the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest they are slowly losing out and it is believed that the day, biologically speaking, is not far distant when the breed will pass into extinction.

The rather regular pattern of the spots on the "leopard fish" leads zoologists to believe that the creature is not a biological freak, which means that it is not an odd offshoot of some common species of fish found in the North Atlantic. It appears to be a member of a definite, if unimportant, family, every member of which probably bears the interestingly mottled scales shown in the photograph above.

It is seldom that tropical fish get anywhere near the coast of New England because the water there is much too cold for them even in the hottest of seasons. For this reason, both the scientists and the fishermen who captured the curious specimen, believe that the "leopard fish," as they call it, probably was brought from southern waters on a boat kept alive in a container filled with water and tossed overboard in an unfamiliar habitat. In some manner the fish adapted itself to its new surroundings and managed to survive, much more active and harder fellows until it was caught.



Signorina Hilda Piccolo, the First Italian Beauty to Have Her Likeness Appear on Her Country's Bank Notes.

A Fence, 139 Miles Long

THE longest fence in the world stretches more than 1,139 miles across Western Australia. It is not, as might be supposed, a barrier to mark the boundary line between two commonwealths, or to keep herds of cattle from wandering from their grazing grounds. It's known as the No. 1 Rabbit Fence, and its purpose is to protect the citizens and crops in that part of the world from being overrun with the rodents.

The fence is made of strong, fine-mesh wire and is topped by several strands of barbed wire. It is six feet high, to prevent the rabbits from jumping over it.

In Australia the rabbit, which furnishes pleasant sport for hunters in several sections of this country, is a troublesome and expensive pest. In times of drought hundreds of thousands of rabbits try to graze on sections where water and vegetation are plentiful. They sweep

across the country in great armies, which are kept from overrunning the country by the famous 1,139-mile fence and others like it.

The rodents run madly along the wire barriers until they are exhausted and exhausted. The dead bodies of the animals are sometimes piled high against the fences for fifty miles.

In spite of the high death rate, the rabbits are still the worst of Australian pests because they are such prolific breeders. For every hundred thousand that die, another hundred thousand are born. Every doe gives birth to from four to seven rabbits every nine weeks, and her progeny begin to breed with regularity when they reach the age of nine weeks. Western Australia alone now has more than 2,000 miles of rabbit fence, which cost the country practically \$2,000,000 to build. Mounted men constantly patrol this great stretch of fence to keep it tight-proof and to watch for the approach of migrating armies of the creatures.

Senseless Customs of Modern France

M. Reboux, the Distinguished French Philosopher, Discusses Many of the Conventional Habits of Polite Society and Points Out How Absurd and Inappropriate They Are in Our Present Mechanical and Scientific Age

FRANCE has always been recognized as the country which sets the standard of good manners as well as women's fashions. And it is a Frenchman who now points out that many of our habits and the prevailing customs of polite society are now senseless and should be changed.

It is M. Paul Reboux, one of the most distinguished of modern French publicists and philosophers who analyzes the situation in a book recently published in Paris, called "Le Nouveau Savoir-Vivre" which may be roughly translated as "The New Behavior." The author begins by explaining that modern manners must be changed to suit the modern mechanical age, the rush of life and the lack of time to observe elaborate formalities. Many of the things we do today in conventional society originated in the age of chivalry or the period when there were none of the complexities of the present day—in days when nobody had a bathtub and persons were obliged to bathe in the street.

People Are Punished for Littering the Streets With Scraps of Paper, and Yet We Permit the Uncivilized Habit of Allowing Pet Dogs to Make the Sidewalks Filthy.

able ones, when grasping the other man's right hand was a good idea because it was the best method of making sure that he could not reach for a weapon with it, when rising whenever a lady entered the room really meant something because chairs were scarce and only ladies were allowed to sit down at important gatherings.

What a nuisance this silly old custom has become can be seen any evening in restaurants. A woman, passing through, stops to chat with someone she knows in a party at one of the tables. Instantly the men must jump up and go through the force of offering her their chairs which they know she does not want. And no matter how long she visits, they must not sit down until she finally releases them of her presence. Of course she could at once insist on their resuming their seats but for some reason few women remember to show that consideration.

There are, too, many absurd inconsistencies in modern social customs. A gentleman is expected to assist a woman burdened with bundles or packages, and yet in his own home women servants may carry loads about the house and perform all sorts of drudgery, without his paying the slightest attention to it. Men walk through the corridors of buildings or the big shops with their hats on their heads. But if they step into an elevator, etiquette requires that the hats be removed. And yet, as soon as the gentleman emerges from the elevator into a corridor or another floor of the store, he puts his hat on again.

Uncivilized Custom of Permitting Dogs to Defile City Streets.

There is no logic or sense in this because the elevator is simply a continuation of the corridor or the floor of the shop, which happens to be movable.

Little sense can be found in removing the hat anyway. In days of chivalry, gentlemen went around with their heads in iron helmets. They removed this uncomfortable headgear indoors, in the presence of friends. To keep it on indicated suspicion and was therefore an insult.

A few generations ago nobody thought anything of spitting on the sidewalk, and indoors they showed their good manners by doing it tidily in the corner, the hardest place to clean up. Today, in most parts of the civilized world those things are misdemeanors, yet it is good form to do something probably as dangerous to health, shaking hands. If a person has catarrh, influenza, a cold or other infection of the breathing passages, the germs are almost certain to get onto his hands. After a handshake, they are equally sure to get into the other man's mucous membranes from his hands.

It is a punishable offense, as has been already remarked, to spit on the sidewalk, and people are arrested and punished for throwing newspapers or other litter in the streets. And yet we permit the uncivilized habit of allowing dogs to live in thickly populated districts whose owners take them out twice a day to defile doorsteps and sidewalks wherever they please. Thus is the incongruous situation on the boulevards of Paris, the residential districts of London and fashionable Park Avenue and the side streets in New York.



Women "Dress Up" When the Doctor Calls, and This Bit of Vanity and Display Gains and Jewels Often Adds to the Charge the Doctor Makes for His Visit.

of disgusting filth which must be cautiously walked over or walked around, because we arrest people for spitting on the sidewalk, but permit dogs to defile them.

Dressing up to impress the doctor is another unwise custom. If a woman expects a physical examination, she should, of course, be dressed from the skin out, in clean, fresh things, but she should not put on for his benefit her one piece of extra-expensive lingerie, worthy of a millionaire. The medical man is likely to notice it and charge accordingly. When little Jacques is in bed with a pain in his stomach, it does not help the diagnosis for his mother to get a special marble and put on all her diamonds for the occasion. Such ostentation may cause a wrong diagnosis of her husband's bank account, causing grief to the first of the modern age.

M. Reboux in the very outset makes a clean sweep of the cane, the monocle, the stiff collar in Summer, the tall hat and other pompous and useless relics of the past.

The comical and uncomfortable high hat should have gone out with the bustle. M. Reboux thinks the case has no use in modern civilized life except for the old and crippled. In the past the young aristocrat carried one to beat in-laws' lackey with, but today anyone who strikes a servant goes to jail. The monocle, which has never afflicted the United States, is becoming a joke even in Europe, where the affectation was invented. As an aid to eyesight it is almost worthless, and according to the French writer, already mentioned above, "the monocle" he says, "by stretching out the eyelid, gives the eye a wandering look. It makes the eye look artificial. It creates an air of stupidity, bewilderment and intellectual sterility."

Impertinent Intrusions by Telephone Hogs Which Should Be Discouraged.

The author rails at the buncombe surrounding polite letter writing. There was a time when the nobles wished to preserve their eyes for hunting and other noble outdoor sports were excused from learning the "monkish trade" of letters, so it was quite all right for the elegant gentleman to dictate his most formal and intimate correspondence to a professional scribe. By the time the typewriter had come in, all well-to-do persons were supposed to be able to read and write and it was a sign of poverty and ignorance to hire a letter writer.

Typewriters at first were only used in business offices and so to this day it is bad form to write an invitation or other formal letter on a machine. Even for ordinary private correspondence most people still prefer to write in an illegible, handwritten cursive, on stationery which is "insult" them with a clean, legible, typed letter.

At times when M. Reboux believes, when anyone who does not use a typewriter will begin his letter with an apology.

Humanly means to purge itself of a lot of customs that belonged to a dead and buried past it needs a new set of manners to cover needs our ancestors never dreamed of. The telephone company cheerfully installs an instrument for anyone without knowing whether he is a person to be trusted with such an instrument of torture.

Police men regulate the selfish automobilist who wants to go to the telephone booth, like the noisy airplane, has the whole world at his mercy. The rich defend themselves from his bores by placing their cars in the suburbs where the ringing will not disturb them and have a servant who dismisses unwanted callers with a curt statement that the master and mistress are not at home. But the person of moderate means has no escape from the telephone fiend. The victim must scramble out of bed or even from his bath because all rings sound alike and any one may be a relative calling on an urgent matter, says M. Reboux.

"Never make use of the telephone to invite anybody to lunch or dinner. Do you not know how to write? And above all, do not commit the supreme offense of telephoning to thank or congratulate anybody."

A few years ago the youth of England performed a great national service by shouting, "Beaver!" at every passerby. But the French have taken the same thing and result thousands of "Beavers" in London gave themselves up to the barber and set the style for the rest of the world. Dictator Stalin might not be having so much difficulty if he had begun the five-year-plan by ordering Russia to get a shave.

This Frenchman smiles at the French custom still in force that a woman must not print her address on her cards. In the days of hood skirts such a thing was considered indecent. In fact, he tells us, in France no man who saw it to call on her. She was supposed to want to keep her abode a secret until the man found out through her father or brother. The modern woman puts her address in the telephone book but on her card—horror, no.

The author goes with much detail into the etiquette of the bathroom and customs connected with sleeping, dressing, etc. He points out that some customs have been completely changed and very much for the better since the day when an old French treatise on manners gave these instructions:

"Rise with so much circumspection that no part of your body may be bare, even if you are alone in the room."

"Select garments which will cover you most completely in order that nothing may be seen which modesty requires you to conceal."

"Accustom yourself to preserve silence, to speak only when you are completely dressed. Devote at least a quarter of an hour to praying on your knees after having touched yourself with holy water."

Nothing was said about the bath in these old words of advice. Of course, conditions have been entirely changed today and we give an entire room to the bath. The author considers it quite reasonable for husband and wife to make use of the bathroom at the same time if they are not able to afford two. A screen will make this custom more tolerable.

The practice of decreasing the clothing to the vanishing point is continually spreading in Europe, not only in the home, but in public places.

The beaches of France are covered with people taking sunbaths who expose themselves to the air as fully as the police will permit. Outside the limits of Paris you can see men and women and children frolicking on the grass in a state of nature. "The only objection to this lack of costume in the home," observes M. Reboux, "is that the wife may find herself less attractive to her husband than other ladies when he meets at social affairs dressed in clinging costumes. The tendencies of fashion, however, are such that very soon the last remaining aids to the imagination will give place to bare reality. This will afford a grand opportunity to the dealers in cosmetics, for women give the greatest care to those portions of the skin which are uncovered."

Reforms Suggested for Our Pompous Formal Customs.

It is always a safe rule not to "talk shop" at social affairs. But when one dines at a doctor's house it is permissible to discuss most any other interesting disease but never one's own. Information on that one must be passed in confidence. General medical conversation is allowable because the physician is the host, it is his duty to entertain his guests and sickness and operations are of such general interest, especially to women, that it is really a kindness to let him go on that topic. But when the doctor is invited to a layman's home, the subject must never be introduced because it is now the doctor's turn to be entertained.

When our present customs were laid down most people stayed married till death did them part and therefore a person meeting an old friend after a few months, could ask concerning his or her life partner, with some confidence that he was not making an embarrassing blunder.

"But now," he says, "conjugal relations are so quickly untied that one is likely to meet divorced people any morning without having been informed of their separation. For this reason one should exercise great caution in making inquiries about a man's wife, for you may have the former one in mind. If you have committed this error, you can cover it up by saying something like this:

"You have always had the knack of discovering the most charming women, my dear fellow. I am a great admirer of the progress you have made in this art."

On the other hand, if you have talked to a new wife under the impression that she was the original one, you may cover up the error by saying:

"How could I have shown, dear madam, the slight impression that other women has left upon me?"

Funerals and burials come in for a full share of the philosopher's attention. Funerals, M. Reboux says, should be completely reformed in accordance with modern conditions. The Parisian funeral, he points out, was formerly a grand affair of tremendous pomp. The men were present in black suits with long coats, the women were dressed entirely in black with deep veils and great parsons were displayed after death on magnificent state beds. One reason for this pomp and circumstance was formerly very common and it was believed to leave black marks on the face.

A modern French funeral is still excessively pompous. The author finds in the exhibition of a family in tears an appeal to the morbid tastes of the public. The men in their long black coats appear in the early morning light as if they had been out all night. The women nearly related to the deceased hold a handkerchief to their mouths in order to show by their eyes that they have been weeping, while they sink back in great effort to hide part of their faces.

At the cemetery incineration is still more apparent. When near the grave the mourners keep their heads uncovered, risking a sunstroke in summer and a cold in winter, but as soon as they can get a fair distance away they cover themselves with a black cloth. Finally, the funeral becomes a kind of outing and some begin to feel annoyed over the business they have missed by attending it.

M. Reboux would reform funerals along the following lines: After a death, notify relatives and intimate friends by wire or by letter. If the deceased was a member of a church, ask the priest or minister to come to the house to give a blessing. Carry the body from the house to the cemetery in a motor hearse and invite only relatives and very intimate friends to be present. After the burial, the author suggests that the relatives and friends should be invited to a religious ceremony, hold it after the burial.

The author goes into detail on the elaborate French code of wearing mourning which has not much importance for Americans, as they wear it less or not at all. He expected to wear mourning two years and a widow only one at the most.

"Can you," he asks, "that a man is twice as regrettable as a woman?"

Church weddings, the author thinks, give the painful impression that all this display is to celebrate the tri-



The Senseless Requirement That Men Should Jump to Their Feet and Remain Standing While a Carousal Woman From Another Table in the Restaurant Staps and Talks.

umphal success of the bride in getting her man to the altar. Of course the idea should be just the opposite. He says:

"Mendelssohn's wedding march resounds through the church after the ceremony is concluded. The newly wedded pair appear at the top of the steps. A red carpet covers the steps while an automobile decorated with white lilies waits at the bottom. The bride wears her symbolic costume of white. But the bridegroom is dressed as if for a dinner in town or a meeting with an important customer."

The distinguished philosopher asserts that there is a lack of harmony, something bizarre and disagreeable in these costumes. The attire of the husband seems to mean: "This is a great day for my wife—for me it is an ordinary day. She is wearing a white dress and here which she will never use again. I have put on a costume which is suitable for many occasions."

The author finds there is something boorish in this difference in dress. Why should the man be in such a costume while his wife is dressed for a grand ceremony?

The supper and banquets which follow the wedding ceremonies he finds to be in extremely bad taste:

"The covert or over-bold remarks uttered within hearing of the newly wed couple, the crowd gathered as if around the victims of a motor car accident, the usual subject of relatives, the knowing winks of the eye, all these things appear to me coarse and very out of place."

"If kind of entertainment must be given, I would prefer that it should precede the date of the wedding by many weeks. It seems to me that a wedding party should be preceded by a long, happy day in which the bride and groom are left alone. It should be perfectly intimate and rather secret."

The custom of kissing a lady's hand is rather exclusively French, and as Americans are usually somewhat fastidious when confronted with the ordeal, it is interesting to read what a French expert on manners has to say about it.

Advice About Servants.

Automobile Etiquette and Christmas.

M. Reboux declares that there are certain occasions at the present time when this custom is out of place and should be abandoned, even in France. It is not called for in a large gathering or in the street. It is distinctly out of place in the lobby of a Parisian theatre, which is a great centre of social meetings. But in the box of a theatre, which is a kind of small drawing-room, he thinks it may be tolerated.

A man should not practice the custom of kissing hands until he has learned to do it correctly and gracefully. He should barely touch a lady's hand with his lips and be careful not to blow upon it. He should not lift up a woman's arm to his mouth like a pump handle, but should bend gently over it. A particularly objectionable person is the man whose kiss moistens the hand.

One never kisses the hand of a young girl. It is reserved for a woman of experience. The wedding party the lady should also understand her part in hand-kissing. She must not receive the salute in an awkward or self-conscious manner. She should raise her hand slightly towards the man, so that he may not have to bend over it excessively—at a right angle, for instance. Finally, the author concludes that the safest way is not to kiss hands at all.

M. Reboux gives much attention to the important subject of servants. He says the time is coming, and is not far away, when it will be practically impossible to have household work done at home by persons living in the house. The old rule that a maid must always bring the mail, or even a single letter, on a silver is condemned as pompous.

A chauffeur is not required to take off his hat when he is on the driving seat. A slight bow and a salute in a military manner are sufficient to show respect to the driver. The chauffeur should take off his hat. However, the mechanic of your automobile is never required to do so when he is in contact with you.

Hostesses are advised to give their meals at least one half-day before Christmas. The guests are invited to come well as the whole of the Sunday afternoon and evening. The members of the family should then do their own cooking. It is good for them and will be a useful hint to the servants that they can sit without them.

At Christmas or New Year's the woman of social position is inundated by a flood of candy and flowers which are very hard to dispose of and injure the health of children, friends, poor relatives, etc., when she can't keep up with it. Why not spread the Christmas presents around the house in the week of December?" asks M. Reboux.

When a man makes a trip with a woman in a taxi-cab, he should not engage in a vulgar altercation as to who shall pay. Say you want to go on foot, the driver will take you to the door and settle with the driver.

A man goes a pretty woman passing his door while he is going to his car, should he offer to accompany her to her destination? Not at all. The proper way is to go on foot, the driver will take you to the door and settle with the driver.

When a man makes a trip with a woman in a taxi-cab, he should not engage in a vulgar altercation as to who shall pay. Say you want to go on foot, the driver will take you to the door and settle with the driver.

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The Habit of Men Taking Their Hats Off in an Elevator Is One of the Absurd Inconsistencies of Modern Social Customs.



***Suddenly an Insect Never Seen Before Appears and
Destroys Nature's Picturesque and Valuable Groves
and, 5,000 Miles Away, Science Finds a Moth
That Kills the Pest and Thus the
World's Soap Supply Is
Safeguarded***

whether or not the blue moth is entirely exterminated.

So far as the biologists can see at present the battle for the cocoanuts is won. Added by Mr. Taylor's skillful management, the first ocean voyage on the first of his travels to the islands, the coconut industry of the islands has been saved. The natives who depend on this remarkable tree for their livelihood and for many more that they may get, will be left in possession of their island paradise undisturbed. The only person who has been killed, which appeared, no one knows where, is a human lifetime ago.

This the bathroom. A glass of soap is set out for the "Bath of Science" added to the many other achievements for the benefit of mankind.

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Astonishing Bad Luck that Pursues the Paris Beauty Queens

"Miss Paris 1931" Dethroned for Fraud, "Miss 1930" in Jail for Blinding Her Lover, "Miss 1929" Cheated Out of Her Prize Winnings, and "Miss 1928" Imprisoned for Murder



Mila Viviana Ortmans, Who Won the 1931 Beauty Prize but Was Dethroned Because She Was a Mother, Was Not Born in Paris, and Signed a Theatre Engagement Without Permission of the Committee.



Beauty Queens Have Been on Exhibition on Many Public Occasions, but the Appearance of Miss Hodot in the Prisoner's Pen on Trial for Murder Was a New Spectacle for the Paris Public.



Miss. Georgette Hodot Followed Her Former Sweetheart Into a Paris Drug Store and Coolly Shot Him to Death. Then Stepping Over the Prostrate Form of the Man She Had Loved, the Beauty Queen Powdered Her Nose, Arranged Her Hair and Calmly Waited for the Police to Arrive.

PARIS, May 22.

FRENCHMEN are supposed to "have a way with the ladies" and know how to manage them, but even Paris can't seem to hold a beauty contest without the same rumpus and tragedies as in America or even worse. While "Mother's Day" was being celebrated in the United States, over here the Comité des Fêtes, the committee of beauty judges which had just awarded the title of Miss Paris of 1931 to lovely eighteen-year-old Mademoiselle Viviana Ortmans was in court to make her give the crown of beauty back to them. They accused her of having deceived and betrayed them on three counts.

1. She was a mother, which is against the rules of the game.
2. She was not a native of Paris at all.
3. She had grabbed her prize and run right out and signed up a theatrical contract without letting the judges in on it.

Meanwhile the committee had formally deposited this brunette with flashing eyes and in her place crowned the young blonde beauty, Miss. Renee Jouve, who had been their second choice. The court squabble was because Miss. Ortmans refused to recognize that she had been dethroned and had gone right on advertising herself in her dancing act with Harry Piller at the Empire Theatre as the "Beauty Queen of 1931."

These beauty queens are turbulent and dangerous characters. The court realized that two queens cannot safely reign in the same capital any more than they can in the same hive, so something had to be done to preserve the peace, and it solemnly listened to the case.

Miss. Ortmans admitted that she was the mother of a four-month-old daughter, but what of it? In not motherhood a beautiful thing and is not the Republic of France offering its mothers financial inducements to keep the birth-rate from falling further, that there may be plenty of cannon-fodder for the next war?

The committee did not deny any of this, but it was all beside the point. Miss. Ortmans knew perfectly well that motherhood barred anyone from that contest. The deposed queen admitted that she knew this, but said she told the committee all about her little daughter and that members had assured her that it was all right if she did not tell anyone.

"And it would have been all right," she testified, "if I had not been born, not in Paris, but in the city of Roubaix. The brunette queen managed to cast some doubt, but not much, on that charge, claiming that the birth records were at fault, but she admitted the last count, that she had refused to split profits with the judges, and had ap-



Miss. Yvonne Taponnier, the 1930 Paris Beauty Queen, Who Attracted Attention by Throwing Pepper in the Eyes of a Faithless Lover and Stepping Him With a Pair of Shears.

peared as dancing partner with Harry Piller, a stage favorite. This, she maintained, was an unjust rule and many of the spectators thought so too.

The learned judges of the court retired for deliberation. All Paris was watching and its sympathies pretty evenly divided between the rivals. A decision favoring either would be unpopular with the followers of the other. The problem called for deep thought.

Then M. Wattine, president of the tribunal, put an end to the quarrel of the queens by a decision worthy of Solomon. He announced that Miss. Renee Jouve was the reigning "Miss. Paris of 1931," and that Miss. Viviana Ortmans' title in the future was "Ex-Miss. Paris of 1931."

It was a popular decision. Both titles would advertise well and each lady received a vast amount of free publicity. The two beauties and their supporters left the court room without bloodshed and the peace of Paris had been preserved.

Paris is afraid of its beauty queens, who really begin to feel that they are a sort of royalty, and when their subjects become unruly do not hesitate to use violence and even kill. Miss. Yvonne Taponnier, reigning undisputed all last year as "Miss Paris of 1930," but just now she is in jail. Until she was crowned at the Theatre Mogador, this brunette was a dressmaker, content with her job and happy in the love of Armand Girod, a handsome young garage mechanic. Both had been saving



One Reason for Dethroning Miss. Ortmans Was Because She Appeared on the Paris Stage With Harry Piller, the Dancer, Contrary to the Rules of the Beauty Contest Committee.

money and were about to be married when Yvonne won the coveted beauty prize.

At once the unknown little dressmaker became the toast of Paris, frequently called on to preside at fashionable charity balls and banquets, where she so cleverly mixed smiles with the cocktails that the guests paid no attention to "charity" prices asked for the drinks.

To advertise her loveliness and, at the same time, the latest creations of the Rue de la Paix, several leading "couteuriers" invited her to make a tour of France. Attended by a cohort of comely mannequins, Yvonne dazzled the dull provincial towns and gay watering-places. Last September, at Biarritz, she was given an ovation at the Casino and by that time had become quite used to hobnobbing with the nobility.

Money poured into her lap. Traders were glad to pay her for endorsing their goods and for appearing at

their openings and anniversaries. American millionaires would give her \$500 to be seen at the theatre and dinner with the beauty of the year and to give their envious American friends the impression that the affair was "very intimate."

During all this happy excitement she did not quite forget her sweetheart, but Armand, though a handsome, would not quite do at these elegant functions, so she neglected a and sometimes night-hatted him. However, she thought she was the most beautiful Parisian of the year, had won the affections of Isaac Elichsky, a wealthy diamond dealer, and moved in to his house on Avenue de Villiers. The merchant did not know that she had a police record and that her partings with previous lovers had been attended with blackmail, pistols and all that goes to make high spots in a melodrama. However, he soon learned that there are exceptions to the old adage that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. She was not only an expensive ornament but had a dreadful temper.

When she won the prize the expense was doubled. She must now have twice as many clothes and jewels, but at least she bolstered him little with her presence; for the beauty queen was in great demand and was off on tours and flirtations, so that he hardly saw her at all. Finally the wealthy man went to England and married Miss Eva Levy, one of his own kind. He returned to Paris from the last of her triumphal tours as "Queen." Georgette was enraged to learn of her dismissal, but she was appeased for the moment when his lawyer handed her 20,000 francs heartily. Then she spent in a fit of revelry on the Riviera and then put in a demand for 200,000 francs more, but the diamond merchant refused.

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Next the determined beauty broke into the home of the Levy family at night, waking them all up to warn them that they had better urge their "in-law" to settle or buy himself a nice casket. She kept up her threats till the police dragged her away. The family then put bars on their lower windows, but she almost got in again by pretending to be a seamstress. She told Edouard Kahn that the price of not shooting his friend "Sky" was 500,000 francs and that he had better hurry. She even telephoned the mother of her ex-lover saying:

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Half-dissolved chips in one pan Instant, lasting suds in the other



**Slow-Dissolving
Ordinary Chips**

(At left) *Slow-dissolving chips.* This actual color photograph reveals how slowly chips dissolve below the surface of the water. Notice the undissolved soap—the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashing.

IF you are one of the thousands of women who believe that "one-dishwashing soap is just about as good as another" . . . we urge you to compare these two photographs.

Study them carefully. Compare especially the water *beneath the suds* . . . down where the real job of dishwashing takes place—down where you must have full, quick soapiness to avoid greasy dishwater.

Only completely dissolved soap gives complete cleansing

Notice in the dishpan at the left, where flake soap was used . . . how the water is clogged with gummy bits of soap. Unable to give the complete soapiness you need, because only half dissolved.

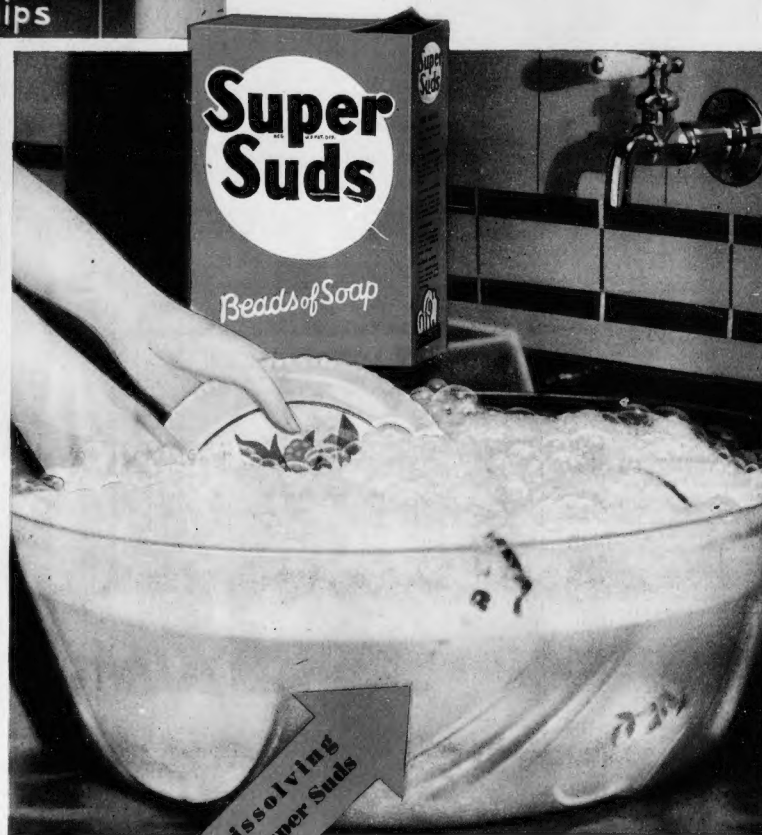
Now contrast this with the dishpan at the right—where Super Suds was used. Not a single particle of soap remains undissolved. Instead, every drop of water in the

pan is rich with the cleansing power of soapiness.

Consider what this instant dissolving means to you in time saving. 1. You never have to wait for Super Suds to dissolve. Never have to urge and stir and heat water extra hot as with other forms of soap. 2. Greasy dishwater becomes a thing of the past. Dishes come shining clean like magic because there's plenty of soapiness *beneath* the surface suds. 3. You don't even need to wipe dishes. So thoroughly does this perfectly dissolved soap rinse away that dishes *drain dry*, without soap spots . . . without streaks.

Cuts soap bills, too

Don't spend unnecessary time over the dishpan when there's this easier . . . faster way. Get Super Suds from



**Fast-Dissolving
Lasting Super Suds**

**Photographs through glass dishpans
prove that Super Suds is far faster
than chips and flakes.*



You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. *Instantly*, you get the same results shown in dishpan pictures above.

your grocer today. It not only saves time. It saves money, too. For every bit of this soap is used. None is thrown out, half dissolved, with the dishwater. The big box costs but 10 cents and holds 10 brimming cups of soap!

*These tests were made under identical conditions. 1/2 oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, 1/2 oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were added simultaneously to each pan. Then photographs were taken. ON THE RADIO—THE SUPER SUDS GIRLS. Every night except Sunday and Monday at the following time: 10:30 to 10:45 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, KDKA; 9:30 to 9:45 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, over WHAM, WJR, WGAR, WLW; 9:30 to 9:45 p.m. Central Daylight Time, over WGN; 8:30 to 8:45 p.m. Central Standard Time, over KWK, WREN.

SUPER SUDS CUTS DISHWASHING TIME IN HALF

The Long-Lost Tomb of St. John Found at Ephesus

Lifting a Stone Cross in the Ruins of an Early Christian Church, Archeologists Are Startled by a Curious Cloud Rising From the Floor, Are Led by It to the Apostle's Coffin and Find in It the "Holy Dust" of the Ancient Legend

Colossal Head of the Cruel Emperor Domitian, Found at Ephesus. He Was a Persecutor of Christians and Ordered St. John Boiled in Oil.

VIENNA, May 13. The long lost tomb of St. John, the youngest and best beloved by the Saviour of all His Disciples, has been discovered in the ruins of an early Christian church at Ephesus. Within the tomb was still a quantity of the "holy dust" which almost two thousand years ago was believed to protect from disease all those upon whom it fell.

Dramatically and strangely, it was this dust which revealed the tomb to the archeologists working in the ruined church. They saw a stone cross upon the floor. As they lifted it, a cloud of fine, pure white powdery substance arose, hovering over the spot like a phantom.

When it had cleared away, an aperture was disclosed. At its bottom was a stone coffin with inscriptions that showed it had been that of St. John. Within it was a quantity of the same powdery substance, which had attracted their attention to it.

John died at Ephesus, he was nearly a hundred years old. He was the last lived of all Christ's apostles, and the last man on whom the Saviour had bestowed the gift of the Holy Spirit. He was the only disciple who remained at the foot of the cross with the Saviour, and he took his last breath in his arms, or, as it is written in the Gospel according to St. John, chapter xix, verses 26-27:

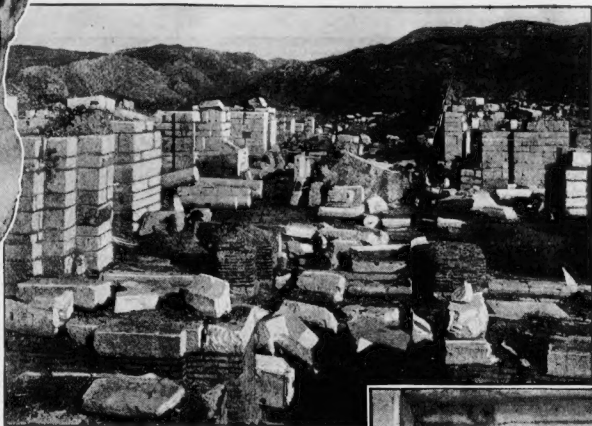
"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

"When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple (John) standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

"Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

St. John lived with the Saviour's mother at Ephesus, where Christianity had taken strong root. It was years after her death, and Domitian, the cruel Roman Emperor, had him brought to Rome. There, the accounts after he was boiled in oil, but that he was miraculously escape was written in the Apocalypse. Regard to Ephesus after the execution of Domitian, he died within a few years.

The old and almost forgotten legend is that at his death his body turned to fine dust. This occurred after his burial, and was not known until worshippers noticed, shortly after his death, that a mysterious white cloud of fine chalk-like dust hovered over his grave. Next it was reported that those who were touched by this dust, so runs the legend, became immune to disease. Though plagues were then taking toll in Ephesus and the surrounding country, the news of the miracle spread far and wide, and pilgrims flocked from many parts of the world to benefit by it.



The Ruins of the Early Christian Church in Ancient Ephesus in Which the Grave of St. John and His Coffin Containing the "Holy Dust" Have Recently Been Recovered. The Location of This Sacred Tomb Had Been Lost for Almost Fifteen Centuries.



St. John Being Boiled in Oil at Rome. The Emperor Domitian Is Sitting Upon His Throne Looking On. The Legend Is That by Divine Intervention the Saint Was Not Harmed by the Torture, but Stepped Out of the Cauldron in Better Health Than He Went In. From the Drawing by Albrecht Durer, the Sixteenth Century German Master.

Finally the crowds became so great that the priests shut the church four days a week. On the other three days the faithful were admitted and were showered with the "holy dust." Then Ephesus crumbled to ruins and disappeared. Centuries later it was unearthed beneath the little Turkish village of Selouchout. And there for five years an expedition of archeologists of the Austrian Archeological Institute, led by Dr. Franz Milner, and financed by the John D. Rockefeller Foundation, has worked to uncover it. They have made many remarkable discoveries but none so dramatic nor so important as this finding of the tomb of St. John with its strange contents that confirm, in part at least, the ancient legend.

Dr. Milner gives the following brief account of the discovery: "We were absorbed in our work. The church was in an excellent state of preservation and we were enthusiastic over the numerous mosaics of fine Byzantine design which we had found. "We turned our attention to the paving of the main floor. We saw a cross which looked as if it might be lifted. As we struggled to raise it up a cloud of white dust emerged from under it. Investigating further we found a coffin, the inscription on which indicated it was that of St. John. "The coffin was filled with several cubic feet of white dust. At one end were three holes from which the strange dust escaped when the cross was lifted. "Being of a modern scientific turn of mind, Dr. Milner refused to say whether he considered this dust a miracle. It was possible, he said, that a draft from an opening in one end of the tomb might have blown the dust out of the three holes in the coffin. "But Ephesus was considered a city of miracles. Dr. Milner pointed out. "Second only in importance to the tomb of St. John he considered his discovery of the cave of the famous 'Seven Sleepers.' The legend of the Seven Sleepers is that they were seven young Christian men of Ephesus who were condemned to death for their faith. This was in the reign of the Emperor Decius, about 240 A.D. They escaped to a cave. Their pursuers discovered their hiding place, rolled great stones in front of the entrance and left them to starve to death. The seven commended themselves to God and went to sleep. "Two hundred years later the cavern was accidentally opened. The Seven Sleepers awakened. They thought they had slept only a single night. One of them went into the city, which by then



From the Painting by the Old Florentine Master, Carlo Dolci.

St. John the Divine.

Domitian used to pull apart Christian martyrs in the arena. Domitian, who ruled in 81 A.D., was the last of the twelve Caesars. He was the worst of them all, surpassing in hypocrisy and cruelty even his more notorious predecessors, Caligula and Nero.

Domitian's favorite pastime when alone was spearing flies on a needle. He spent hours with a long bodkin, threading flies on it to satisfy his lust for cruelty.

He devised new tortures for the Christians. He had their limbs severed and burned off their ears and noses. Many of his tortures are impossible to describe in print. The boiling man.

Finally he was assassinated by a member of his imperial staff, Stephanus. Ephesus was said to have known of Domitian's death sooner than Rome, where it occurred.

Ancient writers relate that the philosopher Apollonius Tyaneus was lecturing in Ephesus at the moment Domitian was slain. Stopping short suddenly, he cried, "Courage, Stephanus, strike the tyrant!"

And then, after a pause: "Rejoice, my friends, the tyrant dies this day! This day, do I say? The very moment in which I kept silent, he suffered for his crimes! He died!"

It was several weeks later when his announcement was confirmed from Rome.

The "Dictionary of Miracles" gives the following account of Domitian's torture of St. John:

"When St. John the Evangelist was ninety years old, the Emperor Domitian commanded him to be cast into a cauldron of boiling hot oil. The place appointed for the torture was a large open field before the Latin gate of Rome. A huge cauldron was prepared and filled with oil, pitch, and resin, which were melted over a fire of wood; and an enormous crowd assembled on the spot to see the spectacle. The evangelist, no doubt, was scourged first, according to the usual custom, and was then led forth into the field. More fire was piled up, and the cauldron began to seethe and overflow; then was he taken up, and let down into the midst of the boiling mass.

"The flames were so fierce and high as wholly to conceal the martyr, but the crowd distinctly heard a voice singing in the cauldron. Every one was amazed, and waited impatiently to see the end. More and more fuel was piled on the fire, till the heat was unbearable for many yards distant, and still the voice was heard singing hymns of praise. At length the fire burnt out, and the multitude crowded to the cauldron, when, lo! there sat the aged man, unharmed in the midst of the oil. The oil, the resin and the pitch had all boiled away, the cauldron was quite dry; but there sat the evangelist, with a hair of his head injured, but his face beaming like the sun, and his aged body actually invigorated. The officers lifted him out of the cauldron and the truth of the miracle was proved.

"This tale is told by St. Jerome, who lived A.D. 345-420, in Jovinianus, p. 14, by Tertullian who lived 160-240. Prescriptions against Heretics, c. XXXVI; by Eusebius, who lived 265-340 A.D., and has been repeated in almost all Lives of the Saints."

The cave of the Seven Sleepers was found not far from the church where St. John is buried. What will happen to the holy dust of St. John has not yet been decided. It may be removed to a museum or it may be left in the church where it has rested for so many centuries. Religious sentiment is expected to prevail in favor of the latter measure.

A Photograph of the Grave of St. John, Looking Down Into It From the Floor of the Ancient Church. The Coffin Is Open and Banked at One Side in a Heap of the Holy Dust, Which Was Supposed to Be Immune to Disease All Those Upon Whom It Fell.

had become entirely Christian, and told his story.

The Bishop, the governor of the city and the principal inhabitants followed him back to the cave, where the other six youths were found. "Their faces had the freshness of roses and the brightness of a holy light was around them," says the legend. After testifying to the miracle, they immediately died, a chance for a similar resurrection.

Historians believed that the story was pure invention—a myth. But Dr. Milner and his associates have found a cave in which are inscriptions telling the story of the Seven Sleepers and stating definitely that this is the cave where they were found. These inscriptions bear the date of 445 A.D., which was approximately the year the Sleepers awakened, according to the legend. Giving still further confirmation that it was, at least, believed to be the cave of the Sleepers the scientists found hundreds of bodies buried all around it, and even within it. There were of the devious who hoped, no doubt, that by being buried close to the scene of the miracle, they might receive a chance for a similar resurrection.

Dr. Milner is preparing to search the cave for the remains of the original Sleepers, but confesses that the number of bodies makes this an extremely difficult undertaking. Ten tons of statues have been found by Dr. Milner and his associates. These include a colossal head and arm of the Emperor Domitian, fragments of a statue which once towered in some public square of Ephesus. It is believed to be one of the earliest of his statues and a portrait of him, since this emperor at the height of his power decreed that only gold or silver statues should be made of him.

His subjects, rejoicing at his assassination, pulled all the gold and silver statues down and melted them. As a result, the Ephesus statue, which is of marble, is the only one of him that has been found. It was probably deliberately mutilated by indignant Ephesians, who pulled it apart as Domitian used to pull apart Christian martyrs in the arena.

Domitian, who ruled in 81 A.D., was the last of the twelve Caesars. He was the worst of them all, surpassing in hypocrisy and cruelty even his more notorious predecessors, Caligula and Nero.



"I've ridden the Western Plains



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Yet you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. Good *taste*—and lots of it! And that is first a matter of tobacco quality, never forget it! What you taste in Chesterfield is riper, better tobaccos—blended and "cross-blended" to a fragrant, *satisfying* mildness that is Chesterfield's own!

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

They're MILD—and yet they SATISF

"Astonishing Revelations by the Unfortunate Hilton 'Siamese Twins'"

The Mother, an Unmarried English Barmaid, Sells Them in Early Infancy

to Be Exhibited in the Back Room, Then They Are Shown at Street Carnivals and Circuses All Over the World, Willed to the Daughter of the Original Purchaser and Put Into Vaudeville, Where They Earned Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars for Their "Owner"—and Now Set Free by the Courts



Shown at First in the Back Room to anybody who bought a drink in the English "Pub." They Next Were Exhibited on the Bar Until They Were Four Years Old

READERS of the American Weekly will recall an interesting published recently in regard to the divorce suit of Mrs. Mildred Oliver against her husband, William Oliver, who was the advance agent of the Hilton Siamese Twins, well-known vaudeville musicians. In this remarkable suit, the two young women, Violet and Daisy, were named as having fallen in love with Mr. Oliver.

This first intimate glimpse into the private lives of the two pretty girls whose peculiarity has been their fortune as well as misfortune, was followed by another suit which brought on a third that bared their astonishing existence from babyhood. The divorce suit was allowed to go by default because the twins were too busy making money to defend their fair names in court. But when Mrs. Oliver on top of that asked a quarter million dollars from the girls for alienation of her husband's affections, that was serious and Manager Myers called Attorney Martin Arnold.

Mr. Arnold visited the girls at their \$75,000 home in San Antonio, Texas, and discussed the case under the eye of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, who acted not only as managers but guardians and chaperones. For a moment, however, both stepped out of the room and instantly the twins, both talking at once, told the astonished lawyer that they were slaves and wanted to "escape" if there was any way. "We don't know what becomes of the money we earn," they said. "Myers makes us sign contracts without letting us read them and we are in terror of our lives."

"Escape?" laughed the lawyer. "Why, you are 23 years old. Just walk out the door. What can they do about it?"

"But they say," answered the twins, "that if we run away we will be deported to England and put in an asylum. We'd rather stay in vaudeville."

The lawyer promised to look into that matter and let them know, but, next time he called, Manager Myers and his equally formidable wife were present every moment. However, he managed to slip into Twin Daisy's hand a written opinion, stating that they need not fear deportation nor anything else. In spite of this the girls could not get up courage to leave for several days as long as either Myers or his wife was watching. But one day, when the manager was out and Mrs. Myers in the bathroom, they took a chance and ran out the front door.

A startled taxi driver, seeing a composite picture of two rather pretty girls, told strange tales in the rear, and legs flying half him, was tempted to hurry past. However, he took them in and to a hotel, where they were free

to tell Lawyer Arnold the full story of how they had been bought and sold, left by will along with some old clothes and rented out to be exhibited like a two-headed calf, with no rights of their own.

In the 23 years of their lives they had been stared at publicly by millions all over the earth, but never had been allowed to have a friend of their own, and of the three-quarters of a million dollars paid to stare at them they had not received a cent, they said.

They wanted to be their own bosses, spend their own money and meet people. They had read that this was a free country and wished Mr. Arnold would prove it. The lawyer said he would try. He brought suit against the Myerses for an accounting of the twins' earnings, asked for an annulment of their ten-year-contract with Myers, and while the suit was pending, a receiver to take possession of the young ladies and their interests.

In several hearings before Judge W. W. McCrory of the San Antonio District Court the girls told the story of their lives. In 1893 they were born of an unmarried mother in England, a British barmaid, who looked with dismay at the two babes tied together by a bond of bone and flesh at their backs. Never dreaming that they might be a source of wealth instead of a liability, the mother, Kate Skinner, had hunted for 20 days to find some one to take the "little monsters" off her hands.

Then Mrs. Hilton, stewardess of the tavern-keeper where the barmaid was employed, saw possibilities of profit. In an extraordinary document, produced in court, the mother gave up all rights to the children and agreed never to interfere with them. In case she violated the agreement, she was to pay Mrs. Hilton ten shillings (\$2.50) a week for the babies' care.

In the back parlor of the Hilton bar, the twins were first exhibited. Every customer buying a drink was permitted to enter the back parlor and gaze at the strange babies bound together forever by nature. Later, until they



Daisy and Violet at Work in Their Garden. The Photograph Shows How the Girls Are Bound Together by an Indissoluble Union of Flesh and Bone.

were four years old, they were exhibited on the bar.

Bars in England quite frequently have curiosities, all the way from monkeys to rattlesnakes, but none had an attraction quite like this and business picked up nicely. Daisy's and Violet's earliest recollections are the smell of stale ale and being everlastingly turned over in their crib to let strangers see how they were tied together. The next strong memory is being with a lot of strange grown-up people, yet hardly bigger than themselves. This was at the age of four.

By that time all possible customers had stared their fill at the twins, so Mrs. Hilton rented them out to like Rose's troupe of touring midgets for a year in Germany for four pounds (\$20) a week and went with them.

Between tours they returned to the "pub" and spent their days sitting on the bar and playing in the sidewalk. In 1913, when they were five years old, they were taken by Rose to Australia, where they were exhibited three years. Mrs. Hilton and a daughter, Edith, accompanied them. When Mrs. Hilton died she left a will bequeathing her clothes, trinkets and the twins to that daughter. Edith married Myers, whose profession then was selling balloons with a circus which exhibited the twins as freaks. In 1916 Myers and his wife brought the girls to America.

Rose, who is now exhibiting midgets in this country, claims Myers kidnapped the twins from him and has announced his intention of suing Myers for \$500,000 damages. He also read the twins that he was willing to appear in their behalf and "tell all" regarding their early life and "enslavement." But he died soon up.

For the next eight or nine years the twins were exhibited by Myers at car-

nivals, country fairs and similar places "in the sticks." But in 1923 they broke into "big-time" vaudeville with 46 weeks on the Marcus Loew circuit at \$2,500 a week. They were now 17 years old and accomplished quite a list. Since then, they claim, they have earned an average of \$3,000 weekly. Their high mark was 44 weeks on the Orpheum Circuit in 1926 at \$3,850 a week. Last year they averaged \$2,500 weekly, they claim.

Of all this money, Violet and Daisy say they never received a cent. Unknown to them, they also say, Myers some time ago had himself legally named their guardian. Three years ago he had their minority disability removed in order, he said, that they might enter into stage contracts. Then he tied the girls up in a ten-year contract at \$500 a week, although their set was bringing him around \$3,000 a week in the vaudeville houses. The twins say they were never permitted to read the contracts they signed, that Myers covered up the text and told them to sign on the dotted line.

"When we hesitated, Myers would rave and ask us if we thought he was a thief, and if we didn't trust him, and we were afraid, so we always signed them," Violet testified at the court hearings.

These hearings were more successful, from the twin's theatrical viewpoint, than any vaudeville engagement they ever had. The S. R. O. sign should have been hung out early, because long before the judge appeared there was a crowd of curious citizens in the spacious Texas court room and the corridors of the courthouse were picked out with hopeful citizens eager to gaze for nothing on these remarkable sisters. Before and after every session, the twins held a sort of reception, shaking hands with and beaming on thou-



Mrs. Mildred Oliver, Who Obtained a Divorce Because She Said Her Husband Was Too Friendly With Both Girls and Sued Them for \$250,000.



Mrs. Mildred Oliver, Who Obtained a Divorce Because She Said Her Husband Was Too Friendly With Both Girls and Sued Them for \$250,000.

sands of their fellow townsmen of both sexes.

When the judge went home to dinner he told his wife of the unusual double plaintiff testifying in his court. Judges' wives soon got tired of hearing about cases, but this one put on her honest and therefore had a front seat at all hearings and even shook hands with the twins. The crush was so great that several women fainted and mothers held their children up to get a free view of the prodigies.

The businesslike Mr. Myers counted up the house with a pained look. He thought it all wrong to let the public see his curiosities free and for that reason had never allowed them to go to church, so they said.

Called to the witness stand, the twins had no trouble in both getting into the chair. But their legs did not touch the floor and a bailiff placed a couple of bulky record books under their feet. They admitted signing a receipt for \$36,142.67 when Myers' guardianship was removed.

"Did you ever get one dollar of that money?" Arnold asked them.

"No, sir."

"Did Myers ever tell you you had that money?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever make Mr. Myers any presents of money?"

"No, sir."

Asked about the purchase of two diamond bracelets and a diamond pendant, Violet testified:

"That was a little plan of Daisy and I to get hold of some money. We told Mr. Myers that we wanted \$7,000 to buy some jewels, not just tiny ones, but something that could be seen and were valuable. We told him that we also wanted to buy a present for Mrs.

Myers as part of the plan. He had us sign a check for \$7,000."

They did not get to handle the money, she said, but the entire deal was handled by Myers, who told them there was \$700 left out of the \$7,000, after the jewels were purchased.

"Did you ever get the \$700?" Arnold asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "He gave us an L. O. U., but we raised such a fuss he finally turned the check over to us."

It was later testified that Myers actually paid only \$1,525 for the jewelry.

Both girls were sworn, but Violet did most of the testifying, which caused amusement on among lawyers as to what the judge could do about it in case one sister should be guilty of contempt of court and the other not. If he sent Violet to jail, Daisy would have to go also, but a habeas corpus writ would set Daisy free and with her would come Violet. The attorney for the twins raised this very point in attacking the Myers contract and the minority disability removal proceedings because Myers had filed only one set of papers for the twins, who claim to be separate individuals as much as any sisters. The case was settled by agreement, so the judge was not forced to tell the girls whether legally they are one person or two.

Under this arrangement, the twins were given their complete freedom to live their own lives and make their own theatrical contracts. In addition, they were awarded \$100,000 of the money they had earned in the past, in the form of \$12,000 cash, \$67,000 in bonds and the balance in a trust fund. The property consisting of plays, costumes, stage settings, etc. Their ten-year theatrical contract with Myers, which they claimed was obtained by fraud, was set aside by the judge. Myers, however, was permitted to keep the \$75,000 home which the twins claim their earnings built, together with real estate in two other countries.

Judge McCrory gave Myers credit for making the girls' great attraction they are today. Now, however, as may be the twins' lawyer, in the \$200,000 settlement of the past, the plaintiff now has a few hours' worth of her money. Myers, however, is in love with only one and if she didn't it embarrasses him to have her name connected with the twins. If he falls in love with both, did it happen, simultaneously or one at a time, and while he is a music man, to one way was not the other's way.

Perhaps Mrs. Oliver regards the two as only one person and that question may have to be passed on after all. If the court would hold its trial in a large arena, charge admissions and divide the profits among the contestants it would be the only law suit in which all parties might come out winners.

Secrets of London's Most Notorious

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of Mrs. of Her Mother's Often-Raided Resorts, Reveals Episodes With the Rich and Famous



All the Extraordinary Personages of the Gay Life of London Fit Through the Night Clubs. And Thus It Was That the Notorious "Forty-three Club" Was Frequented for a Time by That Remarkable Character, "Colonel Barker," Who Posed as a War Hero With Distinguished Service Medals, and Finally When Captured by the Police Turned Out to Be a Woman, Who Was Originally Miss Lillias Irma Barker and Had Twice Been Married Before Her Strange Masquerade as "Colonel Barker." The Photograph on the Right Shows the "Colonel" in Riding Kit.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull
Who Also Bore the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin,
Baroness Hay of Kintfauns, Baroness Hay of Bal-
house and Baroness Hay of Pedwarthen.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"THE professional can always beat the amateur." So I have often been told by those who ought to know.

This may be true enough in other outdoor and indoor sports, but not in the ancient game of winning a man, as I have seen it played for the highest stakes at our night clubs. Surely the vamps who haunt the clubs, devoting every thought and energy to one single purpose—catching a man with wealth or title, and preferably both—are professionals, for they are working for their bread and butter as well as for the excitement of it.

The more demure, stay-at-home maidens, who must be wooed and won, would be the amateurs. But, after all, is there much difference, since both get their man? One is like the hunting spider that aggressively pursues her prey, the other spreads an unobtrusive net, looks innocent and waits for something to fall into the trap. Some witty person has said that the word virgin comes from vir, a man, and gin, a trap. Perhaps all women, whether hunters or trappers, are really professionals.

"What do you call that combination?" I asked my mother, Mrs. Kate Meyrick, as she stood gazing somewhat ruefully at a strangely assorted couple that she had just let into our Little Club. "It looks from here like a genuine father-and-daughter act."

The man was sixty years old, tall, stooped, partly bald, with thick-lensed glasses and a somewhat rusty dress suit. In contrast to his companion he was out of place as an owl in the sunlight. The woman was about thirty, of the petite, perfect blond type, beautifully gowned, at ease and quite evidently to the manner born. Rich old men bring their young sweethearts to night clubs so frequently as to attract little attention, but they do not wear rusty suits, nor are they ill at ease. In fact, they are quite as kittenish as any of the "bright young persons." Mother shook her head as she said:

"It is Professor C, of Oxford, and his young wife."

"That Don had better take that young wife right back to the cloistered hush of college before he loses her," I remarked, and mother nodded sadly.

They did go away early, and Mrs. C had met nobody, but the damage had been done, for she had seen and compared. As they departed the blonde turned and swept the assemblage of attractive men and women with a glance that told me as clearly as if she had shouted it, "I am coming back here and get into this husband-hunting game."

Two nights later she turned up with the Countess of H, a regular visitor to the Little Club, who generally used to find her partners



The Attractive Duchess of Lanster, Formerly May Etheridge of the Gayety Theatre, London, Who Rose to the Peerage and Then Sank Lower and Lower Until She Tried to End Her Life by Suicide.

inside the dance room instead of bringing one with her.

Near at hand to their table were two young men, one of whom was an Earl nineteen years of age. He had succeeded to his father's title when he was about ten years old, and at that time he had just finished schooling at Harrow, one of the two leading schools of England.

Already his mother, the Dowager Countess, had trotted out a number of eligible debutantes for him to choose a suitable future Countess. His opinion of the debutantes was expressed to me one night in the club.

"They bore me to tears, Miss Meyrick," he said. "They can't or won't entertain a fellow. They have no idea of amusing one. Give me the woman of experience every time."

This was the voice of youth talking, a boy of nineteen, just the age to scorn the demure type his mother would approve, and be dazzled by the woman of thirty, exactly as a girl in her teens often turns up her nose at young men of near her age to throw herself into the experienced arms of some roue with romantic gray about his temples.

And now see how Fate, like a playwright plotting trouble shamelessly set the stage for it. The young Earl, yearning for a woman of the world, looked over at the next table and saw one smiling at him. Mrs. C, fermenting with the recent discovery that her aged husband was not good enough for her, rolled her big blue eyes across and saw just what she wanted, a young Earl. To each it seemed like the answer to a prayer. It is better that some prayers should remain unanswered.

The Countess of H knew the young Earl, and she introduced him to Mrs. C. Immediately the couple were on the floor dancing, and they kept on dancing. They started off conventionally enough, but within an hour or so it was a case of those lines of Byron:

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."
They danced all evening together except for,

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps no woman's name is better known in London than Mrs. Kate Meyrick, proprietor of several famous night-clubs, and who has three times served a prison term for defying the law of serving liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in her prison seclusion, Miss May Meyrick, her daughter, managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of the upper circles and the underworld, where champagne splashes the walls and there is enough ice in the cocktail shakers to take care of a fever hospital, Miss May met and soon married Lord Kinnoull. Thus the Night Club Queen's daughter became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, an-

other daughter

Peer, Lord

"Lady M.

artificial

glitter

wealth and

best and the

flow of life

scandal which

courts, fanned

The Coun

of secrecy an

famous night

and herself.



The Fatal Photograph Showing Mrs. Jean Nash, the Earl of Craven and the Gay Lady Cathcart While They Were Visiting Mrs. Nash's Villa at Desauville. This Photograph Aroused Lord Cathcart to an Investigation When He Saw It in a London Newspaper, and His Divorce from Lady Cathcart Soon Followed.

I think, one dance which the young peer had with Lady H., a kind of "duty dance." His friend, however, was looking after Lady H quite well, so that the whole quartet was

contented, and they all left the club together about 3 o'clock in the morning.

A week later I caught the youthful Earl and Mrs. C at our "43 Club," and things had progressed. That night she let herself go. The elderly professor, who was at Oxford teaching bored young future parsons and lawyers, the classics, would have rubbed his spectacles if he could have seen his starry-eyed little wife. She outdid in gayety and abandon any revue actress or professional dancing partner. Drinking lots of champagne, dancing snuggled in the arms of the titled boy, her laugh was the merriest in the room. Soon men were asking who this fluffy little blonde was and trying to know her. It did them no good. Mrs. C had eyes only for her Earl, which made him think how true she would always be. She would be until she got him, and even then maybe.

It appears that she had taken a flat in town for the season, while the professor remained in Oxford, and she began to give Bohemian supper parties at the flat, at all of which young Lord D was always present. Soon it became pretty evident to all of us who saw the pair regularly that Mrs. C had set her heart on breaking away from her scholarly bald-headed husband, if she could manage it, on exchanging her name of Mrs. C for that of the Countess of H. It looked as if she would succeed.

Young D followed her about everywhere like Mary's little lamb. For all that she was fluffy and pretty, Mrs. C had brains, and she used them to entertain her young peer.

"Can it be that I am the mother of a woman-hater?" his mother, knowing nothing of her son's evenings with the professor's wife, was heard to complain in exasperation at her son's coldness to the perfectly nice young girls whom she forced him to meet.

One midnight, as the couple descended the steps to the dance room of the "43," Mrs. C really

startled us, a rather difficult achievement. Her gown that night was a magnificent thing of gold tissue, and I have never seen anything so cut on the stage or at private parties so daring as its cut. This invention was skin-tight to her figure, practically backless, while in front it reached the extreme limit of décolleté. As this was two years ago, when skirts were at their shortest, there was more woman outside than inside that dress.

The young Earl flushed with delight at the semi-sensation his partner's entrance created. He was proud that his girl had almost stopped a dance and silenced every woman's tongue for a moment. When a man exhibits pride of ownership in a woman it is a sure sign that she owns him, body and soul. Beaming all over, he came to me and asked eagerly:

"Isn't she more topping than ever?"

I buttered him up nicely with flattery, most of which was not far from the truth. Proudly he sat down and frowned at the wine list. None of our vintages was good enough for this angel of his. Boys are so guileless in their triumphs, or what they fondly imagine are triumphs. That evening the servant almost got "waiter's cramp" bending his elbow to keep her glass filled with our "unworthy" champagne, but it seemed to have small effect, for she danced and walked steadily enough, though it did loosen her tongue. Meeting the vision of gold and gleaming skin in the cloak room, I asked as a matter of formality if she was having an enjoyable evening.

"Enjoyable, my dear! It's the most enjoyable evening of my life. For, do you know, listen, let me whisper it, D has just told me he wants me to marry him. He wants me to leave my husband and go away with him till a divorce can be put through. And I may tell you, Miss Meyrick, mind you in strictest confidence, that I'm going to do as the dear boy wishes."

I couldn't very well make any comment. At our clubs I listened to a great deal, saw a great deal, but I said very little. After she had left me to return to D, however, I wondered how the money side of the matter was going to work out. I knew D very well, and that he had only a small allowance till he reached twenty-one. As for Mrs. C, all I knew was that she always paid the bills at the "43" and the Little Club, and she seemed

torious Night Club

3. Meyrick, and Manager
ed Supper and Dance
Behind the Scenes
hionable Patrons

ter, Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a
le Chifford.

19," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the
ter of night club life ever since she graduated
ble Rosedean School, and knows everybody of
sle in and out of England. She has met the
most of people, and has watched the club and
nd the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and
h sometimes cast the victims into the divorce
all ruin or a suicide's grave.

ness of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain
d reveals many extraordinary incidents in the
-clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick

to have money. Whether she was dependent on
her husband for it I didn't know, of course.

About a week later I heard of the arrival in
town of Professor C. He had finished for the vaca-
tion at the end of Trinity term, and had decided
on a little relaxation in London. Here was rather
a blow to many of Mrs. C's plans, for
the professor arrived at the flat and in-
stalled himself there. Good-by to any
of those wild parties, good-by to all the
tete-a-tetes when Mrs. C, draped in a
ravishing leagown or negligee, reclin-
ing on a couch in her intimate little
drawing room, wove stronger and
stronger the net in whose meshes the
young Earl of D was so content to be
caught.

The professor was near-sighted, and
his mind was cluttered up with the dead
and decaying languages, but he would
certainly have taken notice of a love-
sick lording around the flat. Some-
thing had to be done to get rid of her
old nuisance. She said to him:

"You know, darling, you are letting
yourself get out of touch with life. You
ought to forget all about your Greek
and Latin and go in for something more
modern while you are on holiday. I
want you to take me out to dinner and
to dance. You can dance if you try.
Now do please me and let's arrange it
for the end of this week."

"But I'm no use at that kind of thing,"
he protested. "I'm out of touch with
it all."

"All the more reason to get in touch
with it," persisted the alluring Circe.
"I'll arrange it all, and you've nothing to do but
to put on your dress clothes."

The professor gave in. Old husbands of young
wives have to give in till they give out. He ap-
peared with her at the Savoy Hotel restaurant
one night. Meanwhile Mrs. C had been busy.
She had gone to one of our dancing partners (it
was from this girl that I got part of the story
after on), and she had said to her:

"I want you to come to dinner with my hus-
band and me on Friday at the Savoy. There are
to be four of us—my husband, Lord D, you and
myself. I want you to make my husband feel
that he is not quite so old as he thinks he is. Do
you follow? And there is £250 for you if you
manage to make him take an interest in you."

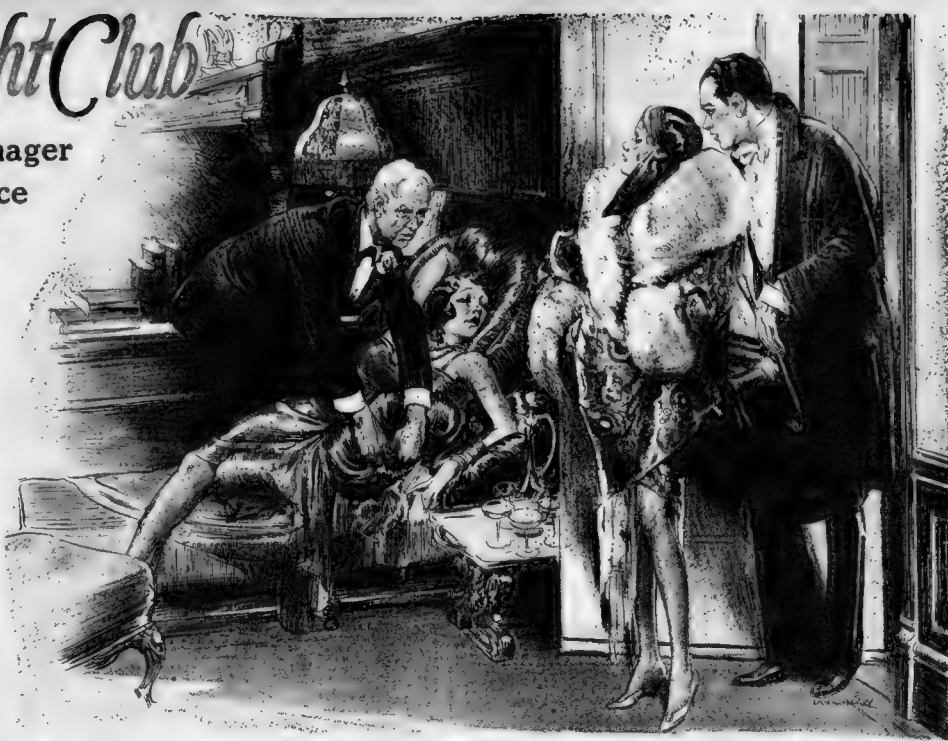
The girl agreed. She understood the part she
had to play, for a professional dancing partner in
a night club depends for her income very largely
in her power of attracting men folk.

On the night of the party at the Savoy Miss
A, the dancing partner, sat on the professor's
right. She realized, because she was clever, that
with this scholarly man of sixty she could not
make such fast running as with a younger man-
about-town. Yet by the time the meal was half
way through the professor's eyes had taken on a
pamper they had not had for years. Books,
tasks, studies were all forgotten.

The professor did not notice that Lord D was
lancing with Mrs. C as if the minister had said
that these twain shall be of one flesh to him in-
stead of Professor C, because the girl was whis-
pering in the Oxford Don's ear that she had never
realized how nice a professor could be. She con-
fessed a notion that they were rather stodgy old
fellows, while he was just like a stock broker or
the kind of men she met at French casino towns.
Professor C had never suspected that of himself,
but he believed it and tried to live up to the part.

About midnight the professor thought it time
for respectable people to be going home, but
when his wife announced that they would run
over to the Little Club his only protest was to
remark plaintively:

"Won't it make us very late, my dear?"
When the professor had paid the check he
was surprised to find that his wife and her escort
were gone, but the girl explained that they had



"Poor girl," said the Oxford classical in-
structor, "let me make those cushions comfort-
able for you." He rose and was arranging the
cushions, and in doing so had his arm round
under the girl's back, when the door opened
suddenly and in walked the professor's wife
with the Earl of D. behind her.

"Ah, my dear, I was getting anxious about
you—"

"Really? How nice of you, Howard. I should
hardly have thought that—that you were wor-
rying about me," replied his wife in tones that
sounded like drops of water from a melting
glacier. And she looked meaningfully at the girl
on the couch.

gone ahead to arrange about getting in. The
old gentleman had the novel and not unpleasant
experience during that taxi ride of feeling
against his shoulder the perfumed head of a
young, strange and beautiful girl. Knowing
nothing of what had gone before, I was sur-
prised to see Lord D and Mrs. C. enter, soon
followed by her husband, in his rusty suit,
accompanied by one of my loveliest dancers,
dressed in "le dernier chic."

As the four sat peaceably at the same table,
I paid little attention to them for a while. The
next thing I knew a pair of thick lenses, mag-
nifying a pair of anxious eyes, confronted me.

"Miss Meyrick, I have lost my wife."
Of course, nobody should laugh at tragedy,
and losing one's wife is that—sometimes. But
his sudden statement of what mother and I had
prophesied the first time we saw them almost
made me snicker in his face.

"When did you see her last?" I managed
to ask with serious manner.

"About a quarter of an hour ago, dancing
with Lord D," he replied, and then added, with
an apologetic, naughty-boy expression, "I was
er—talking with a young lady who came here
with us. When I looked around to propose going
home I could not see my wife nor Lord D. Most
extraordinary. Have you seen them go out?"

While I was thinking what to say the dancing
partner came forward.

"I've been asking a friend of mine here who
knows Lord D," she said, "He tells me that
Mrs. C left a message with him to say that she
was going home to the flat, as she had a
headache. Would we follow them?"

The professor smiled with relief, and as I
turned away to give the headwaiter instructions
about something or other, I saw him leave with
Miss A.

The rest of the story came to me indirectly,
but I can vouch for it all the same.

The professor and the girl took a taxi from
Golden Square to Clarges street, where the flat
was, just off Piccadilly. When they arrived there
it was to find it empty. The professor was very
worried for a moment, but when the girl said to
him, "I expect they may have gone to Heppell's
the chemists, for something for your wife's head-
ache—they will be here any moment," he was
relieved. Indeed, the novelty of finding himself
in a flat in the West End of London with a charm-
ing young woman seemed rather to strike the
professor not unpleasantly.

"Do come into the drawing room and make
yourself comfortable," he said. "I'll see if I can
find you something to drink."

Miss A instead of herself on that same couch
on which Mrs. C had exercised her wiles over



The Gay Crowd of Titled and Well-Known Londoners Toasting Mrs. Meyrick at One of Her Clubs After Her Release from Jail. Particularly Interesting Is the Picture of Mrs. Meyrick's Noble Son-in-Law, the Earl of Kinnoull, at the Extreme Right, Standing in Front of a Lady Who Can't Keep Her Eyes Open, and Beside His Wife, Who Was May Meyrick, One of Mrs. Meyrick's Daughters. Mrs. Meyrick Is the Seated Figure.

the young peer. The professor sat down in an
arm-chair near her. They chatted for a few min-
utes. Then the girl stretched herself and yawned
slightly.

"I'm afraid I'm rather tired," she said. "I'm
not accustomed to such late hours. For the pro-
fessor had not been told that she was a profes-
sional dancing partner."

"Poor girl," said the Oxford classical in-
structor, "let me make those cushions comfortable
for you." He rose and was arranging the cush-
ions, and in doing so had his arm round under
the girl's back when the door opened suddenly and
in walked Mrs. C with the Earl of D behind her.

"Ah, my dear, I was getting quite anxious
about you—"

"Really? How nice of you, Howard. I should
hardly have thought that—that you were wor-
rying about me," replied his wife in tones
that sounded like drops of water from a melting
glacier. And she looked meaningfully at the girl
on the couch.

There was an awkward pause, during which,
as Miss A told me, she felt about two feet high
and covered with spots. Then Miss A rose and
said:

"I'm afraid we've all got lost, Mrs. C. Now
I must be going home. I'll bid you all good-night.
Good-night, Professor, and thank you for a most
delightful and entertaining evening."

Without further ado she left the flat. So, at
a sign from Mrs. C, did Lord D a few minutes
later.

I do not know just what was said in that flat,
only the results. Next morning a crestfallen
professor was on his way back to his university,
convinced that he was in the wrong somehow.

Our dancer received her £250, and Mrs. C was
free to work on her Earl. It did not last long.

A more powerful hand than hers intervened.
The Dowager Countess of D had decided to
look for a reason for her son suddenly becoming
a woman-hater, discovered his little affair with
Mrs. C and issued an ultimatum. Young D would
either take the next steamer for Cape Town,
Africa, and go on a long hunting trip alone or
he would have the pleasure of earning his own
living until he became of age. To an extra-
vagant youth of nineteen two years without funds
seemed an eternity, so the young peer of the
realm was on that steamer. I do not know what
message he sent his beloved, but it might well
have been:

"I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I
not money more."

Curiously enough, I was to witness the "tag"
to this little romance. On the 11th of November
following those events I found myself standing
outside the Ritz Hotel selling "Haig Poppies" on

Win Fame and Fortune with a Simple Snapshot

\$25,000 in Cash Prizes for United States Alone . . .

A Thousand Opportunities to Win

Only Amateurs may compete . . . Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International \$100,000 Competition!

It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of snapshots you usually take are the kind

that are wanted for this contest! Pictures will be judged on interest only.

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling \$25,000 in cash, for pictures from the United States alone. And first-prize winners in U. S. A. may win international awards amounting to an additional \$16,000.

State Prizes for Child Pictures

Three Special Prizes will be given in each state for the best child and baby pictures made in May and June, the first half of the contest. Pictures entered in this "half-way" contest may also win prizes in the general contest ending August 31.

One Snapshot May Win \$14,000

One snapshot may win several prizes . . . a State Prize, a Class Prize, the Grand Prize for the U. S. A., an International Class Award, and the International Grand Award! Total these up and you'll find that one picture may win over \$14,000 . . . as well as medals, a valuable silver trophy, and world-wide fame.

No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture interest . . . not photographic excellence . . . is what counts. Any picture made in May, June, July or August, 1931, may win.

Only amateurs may compete, any picture subject may be entered, and the owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Only Eastman makes these films. Both come in the yellow box.

See Your Kodak Dealer Today

So get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you wish . . . as often as you wish. Study the list of prizes, read the simple rules. Clip the entry blank below and enter to win.

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red network, every Friday evening, 10 p. m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific coast program, over N. B. C. Pacific network, 9.30 p. m. Pacific time.



Famous People as Judges, Patrons

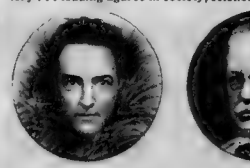
Photography is the universal language . . . that brings nations, peoples, closer together and makes for international goodwill.

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers . . . presidents and premiers, makers of history . . . leading figures in society, science

and the arts . . . such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges, consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."



Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Chairman of Judges



Rudolf Eickemeyer, famous photographer, Judge



Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist, Judge

Six Picture Classes 1,000 Prizes for U. S. A.

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in the U. S. A. . . . Pictures will be awarded in 6 classes. . . . Prizes will be placed for judges to select from those which they are most likely to win.

1. **Child.** Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.
2. **Scenic.** Landscapes, marine views, city, street, hotel or country scenes, etc.
3. **Group.** Social, religious, domestic, theatrical, group, etc.
4. **Still Life.** Any picture in which the principal interest is a still life object, inanimate object, or any other subject.
5. **Portrait.** Portraits of individuals, groups, etc.
6. **General.** Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children, the U. S. A. alone.

\$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

GRAND PRIZE
\$25,000 in Cash and a Bronze Medal
141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class \$500
For the next picture in each class 100
For each of next 132 pictures in each class 10
(147 prizes, totaling \$16,200)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES
For the best child picture made in May and June and entered from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska.

First Prize, each state \$100
Second Prize, each state 50
Third Prize, each state 25
(132 state and territorial prizes, totaling \$16,200)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD
\$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS
For the best picture in each of the six classes, a Gold Medal and \$1,000 in cash.

Total U. S. Prize Money \$25,000
International Awards \$16,200
Prize Money for rest of world \$16,000

Note that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize, for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 International Class Award and the \$10,000 International Grand Award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

\$25,000 in Cash Prizes for U. S. A. alone . . .

Read these simple rules:

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii, Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals who are engaged in the business of photography, or who are engaged in the business of photographing for profit or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (See No. 14.)
3. An amateur may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach the contest office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)
4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemical, developer may be used in making pictures for this contest. A constant need need not be shown. The finishing of course may be done by the dealer. Pictures may be made on film or on glass plates and are not eligible.
5. Both regular and contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure more than 8 inches long way. Prints shall be made from unexposed negatives only. No coloring or retouching of any kind shall have been done on either positive or negative. Prints shall be submitted mounted on card.
6. Enclose in entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.
7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send sensitive with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.
8. All pictures will be judged solely on interest and the interest in the subject matter. The excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize prizes.
9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tied contestants.
10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or reproduction in any manner, become the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.
11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.
12. Although no entries may win prize on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize or prizes.
13. The following additional conditions apply in the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state during May and June, 1931:
14. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.
15. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach the contest office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, will be eligible for prizes in July and August.
16. Pictures for prizes in Class A as the top of the general contest.



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

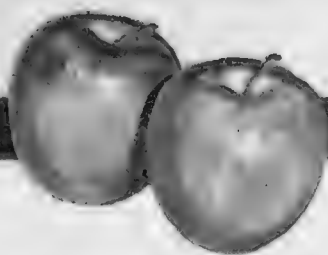
The entrant need not specify the class into which his picture should go. The Prize Contest Office will place each picture in the class in which it is most likely to win. No explanatory letter is necessary. In order that judges shall not know the name of the maker of any picture, entries will be filed anonymously. Each entry will be acknowledged by a postal card bearing the number given thereto. However, please do not interpret this as an invitation to write about entries as the Contest Office cannot undertake correspondence. * The Eastman Kodak Company may offer to purchase certain pictures or negatives even though they do not win any of the prizes. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging is complete.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

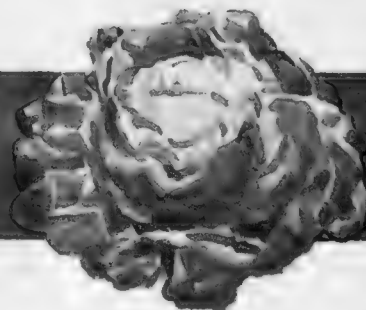
Name (Please Print) _____
 Contest Address _____
 Town and State _____
 Will of Camera _____
 Mailed by _____
 A. W. 5-31

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers



APPLES HAVE IT!

LETTUCE HAS IT!



HEINZ RICE FLAKES
HAVE IT TOO

*-and they're the only
Rice Flakes that do
-so insist on Heinz!*

THESE DELICIOUS, GOLDEN-BROWN FLAKES ARE MADE ACCORDING TO NATURE'S WISE PLAN

THESE LITTLE FLAKES guard their secret well. They're so crisp and crunchy—so deliciously good—you'd never think they could do any serious work in the world! But they do. And important work, too.

Heinz Rice Flakes have the same *corrective* quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables! Like prunes and lettuce, these delicious flakes have a *gentle, mildly laxative effect*—sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect." They act without harshness or irritation, and they help healthy people *stay* healthy. No other rice flakes can help you in this natural, corrective way!

Heinz Rice Flakes do this, because we made them according to Nature's wise plan. We followed Nature's plan, too, when we made these crisp little flakes so delicious! Nature doesn't make foods "good-for-you," without making

them taste good, too. And we have the same idea. That's why you'll find Heinz Rice Flakes just as temptingly good as the other famous foods of the "57 Varieties."

We'd like to give you a taste of Heinz Rice Flakes right now, out of the bowl on this page. But we can't. So we'll do the next best thing...

We'll send you two generous trial packages—enough for six servings—FREE!

We want you to judge the delicious flavor of Heinz Rice Flakes, for yourself. So just fill out and mail the coupon, and we'll send you *two trial packages—enough to serve six people—free*. See how crisp and light the little flakes stay, when you pour on the milk or cream. Taste them. Enjoy them—every day! And Heinz Rice Flakes will do the rest.

Remember that children need the gentle, corrective help of Heinz Rice Flakes, just as much as you do. So be sure to keep the bright blue and yellow package where they can reach it. They'll love these crisp, crunchy flakes!

Won't you also read the scientific story?

Heinz Rice Flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man—a corrective with absolutely no harsh or irritating effects.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to Heinz Rice Flakes. During those eight years, and since then, careful tests

have been made, proving conclusively that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same *natural, corrective* quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more.

© 1931 H. J. H. CO.



FREE!
TWO TRIAL
PACKAGES
OF HEINZ
RICE FLAKES

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. A-W-5-31 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six servings—free of charge.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES

(Continued from Double Page)

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, the most breath-odorous cause from the mouth may be as neglected as ear and tooth decay, slight infection of nose and throat, sinusitis, refluxing esophagus, etc. Mouth bad breath persists returning soon and needs to locate and remove the cause.

Be Careful of Your Breath!



Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading Mouth Antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

**Consult Your
Dentist, Physician**

In the opinion of some authorities, most health problems stem from minor causes neglected: bad oral hygiene, tooth decay, night sweating of men and throat soreness. Differentiating Mouth Wash Wash has been proven to be the best for returning sound and healthy life to relaxed and rejuvenated state.

Do Infest Mouth Wash is a unique product when used as directed. It is a potent weapon. However, it is not a cure for cancer, but it is a cure for the mouth. It is the best for the mouth. It is the best for the mouth. It is the best for the mouth.

COSTS MUCH LESS

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Isles of Desire in Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 14)

foot. His long sawing breaths came heavily. What a fool to run like this! After all, he had better have stayed and braved it out. That he, Ridley, who feared no man in the islands, should have run like a cowardly boy! The thought galled him and he stood up, saying irreverently:

"His vision cleared. The last shreds of the mist that clung about his eyes dissolved. He thrusting heart quivered down. He became aware of the chill of the night air on his sweating body. Where was he? He had no notion how much time had elapsed since that first mad rush from the house. He remembered how he had stolen softly to the door, opened it like a man in a dream, and crept along the passage to the outer door. How still it had been! Not a footfall, not a movement in the dead house. He straightened his shoulders as he stepped outside. He had been surprised to find how near sunset it was. Well, he would have time to get back to the Leopard and hunt out before anyone discovered the thing that had happened in the room behind. His feverish mind, beyond all else, saw himself safe aboard, bounding northwards freedom and freedom."

And then across his number came a cry. His very blood stood still. So he was too late. Some officious servant, some young Kanaka girl of the household had discovered the secret known only to him. Even as he stood there, the sun vanished. The short swift dusk was alive with cries, and the wail of hurrying feet. He heard his own name shouted. A door burst open, and above the wall of voices he heard the sharp angry voices of men.

As that word terror surged over him. He must throw off the scent. He must get away at once. No, not down to the sea yet. His pursuers would take that road, supposing him to be certain to make for the Leopard. Turn to the right then, to the beach and the hills and the hidden secret heart of Lee Aves. In ten minutes it would be dark. In the darkness lay his salvation. (Salvation!) He laughed as he stood in the moonlight, and the sweat away from his nose and face. What a fool to suppose that he had saved himself by that long tortured race! Why

he'd never be able to reach the Leopard now. The whole population would be on the lookout for him. The shore would be watched night and day. Van Kloort would have a sweet revenge, a lawful, full-flavored revenge. How he would enjoy hunting down his enemy with a pack of Kanakas! With what solemn unctuousness he would recount the whole thing! That he would care nothing for Fanchon was certain. He alone of all men who had set foot on Lee Aves had never felt her lure. Yet—could one be sure? mused Ridley. Van Kloort was deep—

How still the place was! Not a sound broke the stillness. Ridley began a nervous pacing. He mused, he collected his scattered wits. Already the Kanakas must have roused the village. He pictured the dark heads close together as the tidings flew from mouth to mouth. Van Kloort must have been told. Hendry knew. That fat fellow Saunders would be mouthing it over, discussing it with "Noble," or "Simon," who dropped in. Yes, they would—

—and he, on his way. When they found he did not come, they would start to hunt inland. Bruce and Marlowe would be in port soon, if the Spanish Duke had survived. Would they guess where the ambergris? Oh, yes, of course they'd guess. Marlowe would, anyway. He was quiet and unobtrusive, he never struck unless he was forced. But when he did strike, he never needed more than one blow. He was a deadlier enemy than the fair haired, impatient Bruce. Reckoning up the temper and spirit of them both, Ridley considered that with Bruce as an opponent he would stand a good chance of victory, but with Marlowe—he shivered.

He was cold. He flicked his arms about his body, trying to stir the blood into his veins. His troubled eyes began to search the shadowy undergrowth for he knew not what. Slowly, slowly, the night took hold of him, the strange southern night that bedded all beauty and all terror in its slow hours. His senses began to ting—

alone before? What had happened to him, that even the presence of an animal reassured him? It was no use plunging further into the woods. He had no idea where he was. From the little mound where he stood he could see no lights either of ships or houses. No sound of the sea came to his straining ears. He must wait for sunrise before he could make any plans.

He sat down again and buried his head in his hands. Was this to be the end of the reckless glorious thing called life? Was he, Ridley, the terror of the Outer Islands, to perish like a hunted wolf? If he had not lost his head—if he had made a dash for the sea—oh, what was the use of chewing it over? He'd lost his head and this was where his folly had landed him.

He raised his eyes, gazing through the tangled woods. Suppose he didn't get away with it this time. Suppose he failed to reach the Leopard. What then?

He might fight his way across to the north coast, and chance being sighted by a passing vessel. If he could make his tale good he might escape. But more than forty miles of unknown country lay between him and the north coast. Even if he ever reached it, the chance of a passing ship was remote. Few vessels went by that reef-ridden side of Lee Aves.

Yet if he abandoned that plan what remained? He could creep by stealth down to the water's edge and sink out in a stolen catamaran to the Leopard. That would be the fate of his ship, the ship he had loved, that proud, lovely thing!

She would be confiscated, of course. Van Kloort would take possession, tear out the treasure locked in her heart, tie a broom at the masthead to show that she was for sale. Some lucky trader would buy her, maybe, some opportunist who would cram her hold with trade-junk and set her joggling between Waikiki and the

lower isles. Ridley dug his nails into the yielding earth. The moon had waned. The thin light of the stars began to pale. Very soon now it would be dawn. He lay on his back on the cool earth, and stared up at the Coal Sack, striving to stiffen his courage. There must be a way out of there, there must. Death! No, not yet. There were so many things he hadn't done, so many projects not yet begun.

All the golden years ahead waited for him. It was not his destiny to die before he had played all the cards in his hand. Out of nowhere came the memory of Hackett, whom he had lashed to the Jean Marie's anchor before he scuttled her. He could see the bleeding mouth, the tortured body, the defiant, blazing eyes. "On the last man you'll kill, Ridley," he had said. That wasn't true. He had killed Fanchon. So the dying couldn't tell, then, after all. He took it for an omen, lying there under the dim stars, an omen of good fortune

for the encounter which must ensue. Which of them all would beat them in the end? Which of them would reach him first, crashing through the bushes to the place where he stood at bay? Van Kloort? Not likely. Bruce? Perhaps. Marlowe? Heaven forbid.

It was supposed that he was victorious, supposing that he was a galley and headed south—what would life hold for him? Adventure, conquest, the satiation of his quivering senses, the battle of wits, the matching of his strength against any man alive. But—what then? Now that Fanchon was dead—

So he came to the thought of her at last. All through the haunted hours he had thrust her away, until now she would not be denied. Here, after all, was the thing that mattered, the core of his burning distress. All the rest counted as nothing. Why had he loved her? He of all men in the islands could pick and choose where he would. What whim of the savage fates had made him cut his heart at the feet of a woman who would have none of him, would never have cared for him if—

—if she had loved? And he had known it. The folly of the whole thing, the blind, bitter folly smote him between the eyes. What heritage was he working out? What dark shadow lay over him that he should never have his heart's desire? The woman who had nursed him in Buena Aires had rarely spoken of his parents. He racked his mind to remember any scrap that she had let fall. "Your father—a handsome devil. Very tall. You will be tall, Julian. You have his limbs. And she—that French baggage he stole from Noumea. You're as dark as she was. No, no, I can't describe her. A jade, a baggage, that every man turned his head to see."

He turned away desperately from the thought of Fanchon. His mind strode back through the years to other women, to sharp thrusting fights, to times of stress at sea. But it was useless. The hunger in his heart would not be stilled. Not for him nor for any man now was her white body, her soul-caressing hands, her rare, sweet laugh. Yes, but those others had memories that he would never know. Even Bruce—even his enemy could lean on the sword of remembrance. But for him, Ridley, there was nothing.

The slow cold dawn came creeping over the sky. The day was at hand, the day that must bring him danger and fatigue and, perhaps death at the end. He must sit himself, rouse up his wits, thrust all away except the sharp necessity for his own safety.

It is good time. In a moment he would stand up and take his bearings, plunge into the warring business of the day. He turned over on his face and lay quite still. From his hidden eyes came slow, difficult tears that mingled with the cool earth.

Van Kloort's thick voice boomed out in Hendry's ear. He was still wearing yesterday's sun shirt, excited face.

"He can't get away," he was saying. "I've set the boys to watch every yard of coast between East Point and West Height. If he tries to make the Leopard he'll not get there alive!"

"Then what'll we do? Bide here, and wait for him?" bided Hendry.

Van Kloort threw out his chest. "I shall take a party and beat the woods for him," he declared importantly.

His eyes ran over the little group of white men, and the swart cluster of Kanakas who peered in at the open door. From their positions against the wall Bruce and Marlowe watched him. "You think you'll get him," Bruce burst out. "You idiot, he isn't a tiger. You and your party of beaters!"

"Whist," said Hendry. "What, now, Bruce. This is no time to quarrel. Van Ridley'll meet his end this day."

"What's the trouble with you, young Bruce?" Van Kloort demanded crossly. "What bee have you got in your bonnet?"

"You're his friend," Bruce said fiercely. "He'll get away all right. Oh yes! Some kind soul will see to that. Posted the Kanakas to watch the coast, eh? My word, that's funny. What's he done with the swag, Van?"

"The ambergris," said the reckless voice. "Never heard of it, have you?"

"Be quiet, you fool," said Marlowe sharply. "Never heard of it, have you? Oh, no. You don't know why

(Continued on Page 15)

Everyday and Company Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Broccoli Soup.

(Very Good).

CHOP stems and stalks of broccoli or the whole vegetable, if desired, and to about 2 cups of the vegetable add a slice of onion. 1 quart hot water, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Cook until vegetable can be pressed through sieve. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups rich milk and stir until smooth and creamy. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a suggestion of mace. Add the strained broccoli, puree and heat over hot water. Serve in soup cups with small croutons.

Ham Loaf.

PASS 1 pound of pork ham and 1/2 pound cured ham through meat chopper. Add 1 cup milk, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, 1/2 teaspoon broccoli, puree and heat over hot water. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a few grains pepper. Mix well and pack into a greased loaf pan. Bake about 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven. One.

half hour before removing from oven pour 1 cup of thick tomato pulp over the loaf and finish baking. Remove loaf from pan and make a sauce, using the liquid in the pan and thickening with a little cold water. Season to taste and add a little onion juice, if desired. Strain and serve hot.

Tartare Mousseline Sauce.

(Good with Asparagus, etc.).

TO 1 mayonnaise dressing add 2 tablespoons finely chopped capers, 2 tablespoons finely chopped gherkins, 1 chili pepper finely chopped, and just before serving fold in 1/2 cup thick cream, beaten until stiff.

French Toast With Orange.

MOST children like French toast with the age old combination of apple sauce, and the orange variation will usually please them. Remove crusts from 4 to 5 thick slices of graham bread. Beat 2 eggs

slightly. Add 2 cups milk and a few grains salt and paprika. Dip the bread, one piece at a time, in the milk. Dry and brown in 2 tablespoons hot fat in iron frying pan. When well browned on both sides remove to hot platter, cover with sliced orange pulp and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Strawberry Ice Cream.

SCALD 1 quart milk or cream. Mix 2 tablespoons flour with a little cold milk and add to the scalded milk. Cook for 10 minutes, add 2 eggs beaten with 1/4 cups sugar and stir until egg is set. Add a few grains salt and chili. Pick over, wash and strain 2 quarts strawberries. Mix with 1 cup sugar. When the egg and milk mixture is cold add the strawberry pulp and 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze as usual.

Tomato Salad.

PEEL and chill choice ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle with French dressing. Cover thickly with finely chopped watercress and serve on bed of crisp lettuce.

Here's the Simple Way to Really Get Rid of Arm or Leg Hair

That Utterly Banishes Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

How, by Means of a Simple Discovery, a Noted Laboratory is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair on Arms and Legs Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, but Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly . . . Completely Without Coarsened Re-growth

WHAT IT IS and HOW TO USE IT

A WAY of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are chasing to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmetics about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet cream resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of

stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed amazingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.



(Above) Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

(At Left) Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

Neet
Cream
Hair-Remover

Enjoy a Care-free Vacation Motor Trip

The CONOCO Travel Bureau will send you a Conoco Passport... *Individually Marked Road Maps and Complete Travel Information*... all *absolutely free!*



TRAVEL!—What a world of dreams and plans and joys the word suggests!

To some it means rest, change, a laying aside of burdens for a while, a gaining of new strength for days to come. To others it spells new and glorious experiences, adventure, thrills. To all it means alluring destination, new scenes, cherished plans realized, dreams come true.

While a few may travel leisurely from place to place, the great majority are limited as to time and must make the most of both days and dollars. All wish the best of information, dependable, accurate road maps with definite, marked routes, and a listing of points of interest along the way. The Conoco Travel Bureau gives you this kind of help and information... free.

What the Conoco Travel Bureau is and what it does... for you

The Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service has been organized by the makers of Conoco's products to provide a service about as close to your travels as which vacation motor may be planned in America's most popular regions. It is a result of a NEW travel service for aid of anything heretofore as able to motor travelers.

However and wherever you plan to go, the Conoco Travel Bureau will shape your plans so that you will have the best possible time in the most interesting places along the way and get the most out of your trip.

In the Conoco Travel Bureau a thoroughly individualized service is given to every traveler who requires information and help.

An important part of the Conoco Travel Bureau and Passport Service is the Conoco Passport itself.

The Conoco Passport not only serves as official introduction wherever Conoco Service is available, but also allows you to call upon any Conoco employee or dealer at any stage of your journey when he can be of assistance. Moreover, it is the Conoco man's duty to extend to you all the courtesy of the Conoco Travel Bureau which he holds.

Caring for road and travel needs, including automobile repairs and accessories, directions to hotels, tourist resorts, camps and giving hotel, camp and road information within a few miles of your destination. When he sees your Passport, he knows you are a Conoco man and will do all he can for your comfort.

In Conocoland every Red Triangle Station is a part of the Conoco Travel Bureau and every Conoco employee your well informed friend....

Conoco service stations, companies and dealers, operated by the number of more than 8,000 are scattered over a wide area in some thirty states which we call Conocoland. Each of these Red Triangle stations is a branch of the Conoco Travel Bureau to which the traveler with a Conoco Passport may go for local information in addition to that supplied from Bureau headquarters.



Look first for the hanging Red Triangle and, just below it, the identifying sign of the Conoco Travel Bureau pictured above. At these stations you will be informed as to changed road conditions, detours, construction and repairs.



40 Thousand Motorists Traveled more than 77 million miles in 1930 with the aid of the CONOCO Travel Bureau

The fact that more than 40,000 motorists availed themselves of the Conoco Travel Bureau service during the season just passed, is evidence of its usefulness. Travel and road information was sent to motorists in every state in the Union. Trips which the Bureau helped plan embraced every part of the country and extended to Canada and Mexico.

When it is remembered that this is an absolutely FREE service entailing no obligation whatever, it is not surprising that the Bureau has received thousands of commendatory letters praising the service.

Representative Comments from Thousands Received

From Utah—"It was fun to travel with a Conoco Passport—a kind of an 'open sesame'! It was as simple as along the way at the sign of the Red Triangle!"

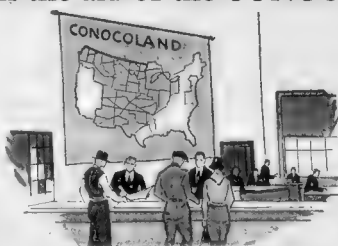
From Texas—"I found this service excellent and it is always eager to render service asked for and information requested."

From Wisconsin—"I am very grateful for the wonderful help and guidance received from you throughout the 12,000 miles of enjoyment made possible by Conoco."

From Kansas—"We drove over country that we had never seen before without making a single error, thanks to Conoco service."

From Michigan—"The Conoco station attendants are a fine, courteous group of people."

From New Jersey—"I found Conoco service very satisfactory and will use again next year."



The Conoco Travel Bureau is under the direction of a travel specialist and a corps of assistants trained in the handling of motor travel problems. Here at Bureau headquarters each request for assistance receives individual attention. Mail, maps and literature handled during the season run into the hundreds of thousands of pieces—all free to motorists as a contribution by Conoco to more pleasing and satisfactory motor travel.

From Minnesota—"Maps and road information I received was perfect in every detail!"

From Missouri—"The Conoco Passport was a great help to me, most particularly in forwarding some of my mail."

From New York—"The service rendered me was satisfactory in every respect imaginable."

From Illinois—"I do not think you can improve the service."

From Washington, D. C.—"I doubt if I could have gotten better service from Conoco, stations if I had had a personal letter from D. J. Moran in my hand."

No matter when You Plan to go..

Even though your trip is planned for later in the season, get your Passport NOW. Use the coupon below, filled out as completely as possible, so that ample time may be had to supply you with literature about interesting places to visit, individually marked road maps and other helpful information. No matter when or where you plan to go, by getting the aid of the Bureau NOW you will be rewarded by carefully worked out plans that will contribute to a more satisfactory trip.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU



CONTINENTAL OIL BLDG.
DENVER, COLORADO
OPERATED BY
CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY

CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU,
Continental Oil Building,
Denver, Colorado.

AW-31

Please send me free and without obligation Road Maps ☐ Literature ☐
I would like ☐ an Official Conoco Passport.
I already have ☐ an Official Conoco Passport.

I am considering a motor trip to—

About (date) _____

Name _____

Address _____

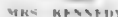
City _____

State _____

You haven't seen America till you've seen CONOCOLAND

By Leonard Lyons

IN 1947 ONE of the first indie voices recorded by Warner Bros. was that of the late Cantor Joseph Rosenblatt. The son, Leo Rose, now manages Warner's Hollywood Theater on Broadway . . . Nancy Carroll, prettier than ever, now has more autograph hunters following her than any New York celebrity . . . The Russian-born Ardele Kestelitz, who was naturalized some years ago, now is sure he's a real American because he visited the Russian Pavilion at the Fair and felt no pride of homeland . . . "To me," he confessed, "it was the same as looking at the Persian or Swedish Pavilion."



By GEORGE HOLLAND

SUPPENDING THE RITZ ROOF as a student of different tales. Mayor Tolin and Police Commissioner Timilty . . . Three good ballplayers of a few years ago were with the Commissioner . . . Only one of them, Edgar, was of English birth and was a good catcher. . . . There was a little Sox and a few others who caused his retirement. . . . The others were Eddie . . . and the late Terry, a first baseman. Tom . . . Mike Gibson was a catcher. . . . He was a Harvard man of an earlier day was present too. . . . Rated as a 1-2 shot to remain a bachelor . . . Mike Gibson was a student of the same Harvard chapter in successfully maintaining his single state. . . . Mike Gibson had a wife of a few years but was offering no disclaimer to the report he was going to be married. It's the truth. . . . The future Mr. Mike was with him.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY: On or near the eve of June 1, a famous Boston department store will exhibit the new Crosley small car. . . The store will carry the car in stock, according to word reaching this desk and only to be taken out when that has happened in the past. . . The new Crosley car will sell for \$325 and will permit its owners to travel 200 miles on four gallons of gasoline. Its cruising speed will be between 50 and 60 miles an hour.

BOBBY CLARK, and Abbott and Costello will be among the stars of the new musical show, "Streets of Paris," who will be casted by the new producer, **JOE KUTZ** tonight as the OT Maestro and Cokina Wright, Jr. say farewell to Boston . . . Bernie's contract called for a 25 per cent split of the gross over a certain figure . . . The Kutz business exceeded this figure this week, and Ben will leave town with more wealth than the dopesters would have allotted him . . . Miss Wright's spend and box-office draft helped no little in the excellent business . . . Jack Marshland was at the Mayfair . . . The club's last leader will celebrate his engagement at the Mayfair . . . The Plaza a week from tonight . . . This column would not be surprised if he resumed operations in his home-town again, at the Mayfair . . . But there is nothing certain about this. The Marshland policy is to keep a tight rein over funds.

By Protection Measures
(Principles for National
Councils of Farmers)



that Anita Louise will be the cast as Carlson's "Glenn".

SNAPSHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD Jimmy Stewart and Tereza Young, who've been out four nights in a row. Young, who's been out four nights in a row, is seen with her husband, Edgar Allan Poe, at the party. The party was held in the Julius Stein party. Heather Thelmer, menace and all, had the Co-vent Grove in studios playing ping pong with champ Coleman Clark. Michael Fessier, the writer, was seen with his wife, Jane, at the party. Good Samaritan, Ben Fard's handball team struck when he showed up in pale blue shorts, a gift from the girl friend, Pema, and they wouldn't play until he changed.

EMIL BORFIO, singing star of the "Feet of Fire," has laryngitis and has to do his act in pantomime. Anna-Lou's furniture has arrived from France and she and Tyrone are having the time of their lives unpacking it. **LOUIS XVI**—the French king who lived in the 18th century—is being played by two different actors. The barrels of his long bestial surge, Martha Raye and Mickey Rooney, are both playing him. They're both good, but the other "Tues" look like they were standing still. **LEE LAYTON** is a new singer. So all right.

More news about Hollywood by Dorothy Manners,
pinch-hitting for Lovella O'Connell.

By Elsie Robinson

I AM NOT CONSISTENT," and I pray to the fact: "I do not think the same thing two years in succession or even two days in succession." And if I called myself doing so, I'm going to have myself cut off it. I think that this attitude violates our best traditions. Consistency, I have been informed, is a treasure beyond a price.

TO ME THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE IS NOT TO HOLD TO ONE OPINION BUT TO EXPERIENCE AS MANY NEW OPINIONS AS POSSIBLE WHILE THE OPINIONING IS GOOD.

Growing things aren't static. Growing things move, change, adjust, take on new forms from one minute to another.

I'm a growing thing. Why should I be at ten what I was at five? Why should I think at 35 what I thought at 20?

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS of experience have flowed by me since yesterday—hours in which, if I am mentally awake, I have seen long tranches of the human drama. I have seen love in that time, and hate and treach-

of a selflessness and despair. I have seen men thrown
by a chain of choices.

And I have seen cruelties, never looked by man. I have seen beauty, a living, blessed courage and fortitude of goodness.

All this happened to me in the last 24 hours. All this happens to any one of us in any 24 hours, if we have the wit to perceive it.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF ANY LIFE WILL
 MAKE ANY HUMAN BEING OVER IF HE'S WILLING
 TO BE MADE OVER.



1. The first step is to identify the variables involved in the problem. In this case, the variables are the number of hours worked (H) and the number of hours of leisure (L). The total number of hours available is 24, so we have the constraint $H + L = 24$.

Why should a human being slay the same-slay com-

AND YET most of us do stay the same and take great credit to ourselves for doing so. We close our minds and harden our imaginations and glorify the process by calling it "consistency."

$$\begin{aligned} \langle \psi | \hat{H} | \psi \rangle &= \langle \psi | \hat{H}_0 | \psi \rangle + \langle \psi | \hat{H}_1 | \psi \rangle \\ &= \langle \psi | \hat{H}_0 | \psi \rangle + \langle \psi | \hat{H}_1 | \psi \rangle \end{aligned}$$

Abhor an unchanged mind as you would abhor any other staleness, as you would abhor unchanged linen or stagnant water.

Be as different as you possibly can, as often as you
 possibly can.

Growth is always different. GROWTH NEVER STAYS ALONE GIVEN, FOR, GROW.

Smart Set Functions

By BETTY ALLEN



Virginia MacDaniel Lansdale Watson Lewis Watson

If Lewis "Jimmy" Watson (right) has freckles on her nose for her wedding day, it might be because of this picture, for while it was being taken was the only time she let the sun shine on her face at the horse show yesterday. She is accompanied by her niece, Virginia MacDaniel, who has come from Arkansas to attend the wedding Friday, and her sister, Lansdale, who will be matron of honor.

Somerville Girl to Wed

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Margaret O'Neill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Neill of Somerville, who will be the bride.

Her betrothed is a graduate of Notre Dame Academy in Somerville, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Neill, who are both of the same name. The bride is a graduate of the same school.

BEFORE

AFTER

Viennese Face Lift

Only Dr. Harry B. Bernstein can give you the Viennese Face Lift. It is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift. It is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift. It is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift.

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
106 BOSTON ST., BOSTON
The Viennese Face Lift is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift. It is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift. It is the only treatment that gives you the Viennese Face Lift.

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Man, to a number of coveted blues . . .

Lewis (Jimmy) Watson isn't going to have freckles on her nose for her wedding day if she can help it . . . for she kept pulling the brim of her fuchsia sport hat well down over her eyes and exclaiming that she didn't want to be a freckled bride . . . She attended the show with her mother, Mrs. Watson, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Watson, who was a member of the board of directors of the Somerville Board of Aldermen.

After the show, she and her mother went to the home of her father, Thomas Watson Perkins, who is a member of the board of directors of the Somerville Board of Aldermen.

Return from Bermuda Honeymoon

PENNEY PENTECOST and his bride, the former Jean Lawrence, just back from their Bermuda honeymoon, were seen on a Saturday stroll through the parkway and trees . . . Penney stopped pictures of many of his friends, and Jean had a chat with her new sister-in-law, Mrs. Pentecost, who has decided on an early September date for her wedding to Brewster Morgan, Jr. . . . The Nat. Census took great pride in showing their more and more weeks of their early morning class . . . Nat later changing into his private car for the hunting class, and Jane watching him ride from the family box with her sister, Mrs. Austin Osgood . . .

Embroidered monograms are very much in vogue . . . Mrs. Carleton Pike's was done in Mexican rose on a navy pointed toast color silk dress, and her fetching hat was made with a red crown and brim of least straw . . . Lany O'Connell's simple pale green dress was monogrammed in a deeper shade.

The Charles Sumner Birds were on hand all day . . . The ten-year-old twins, Jim and Christopher, made quite a sport of collecting soda pop bottles and returning them to the tent where tomes were sold . . . Diana rode in several events, and Mrs. Bird discussed the fine points of horsemanship with Uncle Jim . . . Major James Appleton to you and me . . .

An open crowned hat and over-the-shoulder basket back of the same fabric as her dress were neat accessories to debutante Evelyn Soule's chic cotton outfit . . . Katharine Ladd, escorted by Ben Dillingham, well known Harvard polo player, snapped a lot of pictures of him, and of Gaylord Dillingham, and Nancy Blamer who made up the foursome . . .

Polly Saltmstall had any number of youthful leads to buy her ice cream, and still other enthusiastic fans, the crowd were Dorothy Storer, Mrs. Hamilton Osgood, and her young daughter, Elise Storer, who was a box with Betty Dunne, Mrs. J. Forbes, Mrs. John Rogers, and the James Jackson family.

Cambridge Bridge Tonight

Days Storewide Markdowns

Emphatic reductions to assure immediate close out.

THIRD FLOOR

SALON HATS 3.00 6.00

Were 5.00 to 19.00

MISSES' WOMEN'S JUNIORS'

DRESSES 7.90 12.90 17.90

Were 14.90 to 49.90
Day, dinner and evening styles.

MISSES'

COATS 17.90 29.00

Were 35.00 to 59.00
Navy, black, colors and tweeds.
To Wear Now!

MISSES'

SUITS 19.00

Were 39.00 to 44.00
Soft dressmaker types.

THIRD FLOOR

LERWICK TWEED JACKETS 10.00
Were 18.00

SKIRTS 6.90
Were 13.90

New England's own tweeds in handsome colorings.

STREET FLOOR

BLOUSES 4.90
Were 8.90 to 14.90

SKIRTS 4.90
Were 7.90 to 11.90

STREET FLOOR

BERETS .90
Were 2.90 to 3.90

KNITTEDS 12.90
Were 17.50 to 29.90

Temple place, Boston

Federal Group's 'Big Blow' Entertaining

The Federal Group's "Big Blow" is a new musical comedy which is being staged at the Metropolitan. It is a story of a man who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank and who is in love with a woman who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank.

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PAUL MUNI in "Juarez" which has been held a second week at the Metropolitan. Bette Davis is co-starred in this Warner hit.

'Juarez,' Muni-Davis Hit, Held Second Week at Met

The Warner Bros. picture "Juarez," starring Paul Muni and Bette Davis, has been held a second week at the Metropolitan. The picture is a story of a man who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank and who is in love with a woman who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank.

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Warden Lawes Film Author

The Warner Bros. picture "Warden Lawes," starring John Ford and Lynn Bari, is a story of a man who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank and who is in love with a woman who is a member of the Federal Reserve Bank.

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READ FOR PROFIT
USE FOR RESULTS
Record-American Want Ads.



AMID THE CEASELESS CLASH OF RECK- LESS MEN AND RELENTLESS NATURE... A BREATHTAKING ROMANCE IS BORN!



1939's mightiest screen adventure... set against the noble background of the snow-capped Andes! Swirling fog, crackling tropical tempests... a "world" re-created by Hollywood's wizardry...



CARY GRANT ★ JEAN ARTHUR

Only Angels Have Wings

THOMAS MITCHELL • RITA HAYWORTH
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
Screen play by JULES FURTHMAN
A HOWARD HAWKS Production

PLUS 2nd SMASH HIT

TOMORROW

SOCIETY LAWYER

M. G. M.'s NEW THRILL DRAMA WITH VIRGINIA BRUCE • WALTER PIDGEON

Loew's STATE and ORPHEUM

STAGE PLAYS
SYMPHONY HALL—COM. 1452
TONIGHT 8:30
POPS
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor
Tickets at all theaters 75c to \$1.50

SHUBERT Theatre 8:30 World Premiere
PRIOR TO BROADWAY
BOBBY CLARK
LIVELY SONGS • ABBOTT & COSTELLO
JEAN BARON • CARMEN MIRANDA
Company of 100—40 songs to love
From 11:10 to 11:30 Mat. Sat. 10:10
Sun. 10:10 to 11:30

COPLEY THEATRE—NOW
BIG BLOW
By FREDERICK WARREN • WILFRED BRUCE

FILM PREMIERES TOMORROW AT LOEW'S, KEITH MEMORIAL

Air Story at State, Orpheum

The new Howard Hawks picture, "Only Angels Have Wings," opening tomorrow at the State and Orpheum, is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife.

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Pops Program

Featured Soloist: J. M. Sordani. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife.

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AMUSEMENTS

LAST DAY! The RITZ BROS. "The GORILLA" Back Door to Heaven

TOMORROW! PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY

AMERICA'S ANGRY ANSWER TO THE UNDERWORLD!

Blazing exposé of gangster life, mad, mad, mad! The most thrilling story of the underworld! Starts playing tonight!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER

Warden Lewis E. Lawes

HUMPHREY BOGART **GALE PAGE** • **BILLY DOOLITTLE** **JOHN LITEL** • **A. Warner Brown** **MAJOR**

Plus! "CHASING DANGER" **FOSTER BARI**



AT LOEW'S TOMORROW—Cary Grant and Jean Arthur in a scene from "Only Angels Have Wings" opening tomorrow at Loew's State and Orpheum.

Tops Beacon Bill AT SOUTH STATION

The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife.

AMUSEMENTS

DOORS OPEN 9.45 A.M.

HELD OVER 2nd BIG WEEK

METROPOLITAN

The Picture That Shows How GREAT the Screen Can Be

Starring the Academy Award Winners

PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS

"JUAREZ"

Plus! RAY FRANCIS

WOMEN IN THE MIND

BRIAN AHERNE • CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD

COMING NEXT: "YOUNG MR. LINCOLN" with Henry Fonda

FLORIAN MONTAGNE **"UNION PACIFIC"** **"DARK VICTORY"**

Preview Tonight of Crosby's 'East Side of Heaven'

The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife. The picture is a story of a man who is a pilot and a woman who is a pilot's wife.

PREVIEWS TONIGHT

"EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN" at 7: & 10

"MR. MOTO" in DANGER ISLAND at 5:30 & 8:45

BING CROSBY • JEAN BLONDELL

East Side of Heaven

MISCHA AUER • IRENE HERVEY

AUBREY SMITH • LEROY BURNETT • "SANDY" MATTY HARRIS

Plus!

THIS 2nd FEATURE

His strongest crime adventure!

PETER LORRE **MR. MOTO** in **DANGER ISLAND**

Plus!

ON EASY in your color! See it now!

LAST DAY **THOMAS** **WILLIAMS**

And-Extra Attraction

SONS OF LIBERTY

historical Episode from the life of Henry Solomon

with **CLAUDE RAINS** • **GALE SONDERGAARD**

KEITH MEMORIAL

Always Healthfully Air Conditioned

LAST DAY—JAMES AGNEW **"THE ANGEL"** **"THE WHITE HORSE"**

RKO BOSTON

Starts Tomorrow—On Stage—In Person

Roxie Parisian

MIDGET FOLLIES

SEE **WIDET WALK** **WILL MUGGET** **EMIL JOHNSON** **WILLIE SARNOFF** **RAY** **PAUL DAVIS** **BACCH**

Plus **HERE OTHER** **AND** **STAR** **ACTS**

ON SCREEN **PANAMA PATROL** **WACKETTES OF THE**

FIRST RUN **2 FEATURES** **6 RANCE** **Geo O'Brien**

BRADSHAW

New Haven Gains Holding Steady

[illegible]

CASH BALANCE
\$1,000.00
STATE STREET
\$1,000.00

OPERATING—The company's operating income was \$1.1 million, or 10¢ per share, compared with \$1.2 million, or 11¢ per share, in 1997. Operating income was \$1.3 million, or 12¢ per share, in 1998.

FINANCIAL—The company's financial income was \$1.2 million, or 11¢ per share, compared with \$1.3 million, or 12¢ per share, in 1997. Financial income was \$1.4 million, or 13¢ per share, in 1998.

BOSTON ELEVATED—The company's Boston Elevated income was \$1.1 million, or 10¢ per share, compared with \$1.2 million, or 11¢ per share, in 1997. Boston Elevated income was \$1.3 million, or 12¢ per share, in 1998.

BUSINESS—The U.S. economy is expected to continue its recovery, with growth projected at 2.5% for 2009. The Federal Reserve has lowered the federal funds rate to 0.25% to stimulate the economy. The unemployment rate is 4.6%, and the inflation rate is 1.5%.

MARKETING—The marketing environment is characterized by a shift from a product-oriented to a customer-oriented approach. Companies are focusing on creating value for customers and building long-term relationships. The marketing mix (product, price, place, and promotion) is being re-evaluated to better meet customer needs.

FINANCE—The financial environment is characterized by a shift from a debt-oriented to an equity-oriented approach. Companies are focusing on raising capital through equity financing and improving their financial performance. The financial statement (balance sheet, income statement, and cash flow statement) is being re-evaluated to better reflect the company's financial position.

OPERATIONS—The operations environment is characterized by a shift from a cost-oriented to a quality-oriented approach. Companies are focusing on improving the quality of their products and services and reducing costs. The operations management (production, inventory, and distribution) is being re-evaluated to better meet customer needs.

LEGAL—The legal environment is characterized by a shift from a contract-oriented to a tort-oriented approach. Companies are focusing on protecting their intellectual property and reducing the risk of litigation. The legal system (contract law, tort law, and property law) is being re-evaluated to better protect the rights of individuals and companies.

ETHICS—The ethics environment is characterized by a shift from a profit-oriented to a socially responsible approach. Companies are focusing on doing good for society and improving their ethical performance. The ethical framework (utilitarianism, deontology, and virtue ethics) is being re-evaluated to better guide company behavior.

MERRYLE STANLEY
RUKEYSER
Economic Commentator

More 'Political Change' Not Enough

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator, who is usually a member of the research team. The investigator must first identify the problem, then determine the scope of the problem, and then determine the objectives of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the methods to be used in the investigation, and then determine the resources needed for the investigation. The investigator must also determine the time frame for the investigation, and then determine the personnel who will be involved in the investigation. The investigator must also determine the budget for the investigation, and then determine the location of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the data to be collected, and then determine the analysis to be performed. The investigator must also determine the results to be reported, and then determine the conclusions to be drawn. The investigator must also determine the recommendations to be made, and then determine the follow-up actions to be taken. The investigator must also determine the dissemination of the results, and then determine the evaluation of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the funding for the investigation, and then determine the completion of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the publication of the results, and then determine the archiving of the results. The investigator must also determine the dissemination of the results, and then determine the evaluation of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the funding for the investigation, and then determine the completion of the investigation. The investigator must also determine the publication of the results, and then determine the archiving of the results.

Stock Prices Mixed in Slow Market

...and I was the only one who failed to catch a fish. I was disappointed, but the fish were so big and the fishing was so good that I didn't mind. I was the only one who failed to catch a fish. I was disappointed, but the fish were so big and the fishing was so good that I didn't mind.

Small Business Loan Bill Up in Senate

By ROBERT A. MCGILL

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The American Medical Association today adopted a resolution endorsing the National Medical Council of New York with reference to the proposed regulation of the practice of medicine by the "board of medical examiners."

Lower Rate On U.S. Bonds Predicted

STUDY VISITOR May 1970, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 1-12. 12 refs. In English. Summary: The author discusses the importance of the study visitor in the field of international education. He defines the study visitor as a person who visits a foreign country for the purpose of studying the educational system and reporting back to his own country. He discusses the history of the study visitor program and the role of the study visitor in the development of international education. He also discusses the benefits of the study visitor program and the challenges it faces. The author concludes that the study visitor program is an important part of international education and that it should be continued and expanded.

Boston Stock Favorites

	1960	1961
Alabama	100	100
Alaska	48	48
Arizona	100	100
Arkansas	100	100
California	100	100
Colorado	100	100
Connecticut	100	100
Delaware	100	100
District of Columbia	100	100
Florida	100	100
Georgia	100	100
Hawaii	100	100
Idaho	100	100
Illinois	100	100
Indiana	100	100
Iowa	100	100
Kansas	100	100
Kentucky	100	100
Louisiana	100	100
Maine	100	100
Maryland	100	100
Massachusetts	100	100
Michigan	100	100
Minnesota	100	100
Mississippi	100	100
Missouri	100	100
Montana	100	100
Nebraska	100	100
Nevada	100	100
New Hampshire	100	100
New Jersey	100	100
New Mexico	100	100
New York	100	100
North Carolina	100	100
North Dakota	100	100
Ohio	100	100
Oklahoma	100	100
Oregon	100	100
Pennsylvania	100	100
Rhode Island	100	100
South Carolina	100	100
South Dakota	100	100
Tennessee	100	100
Texas	100	100
Utah	100	100
Vermont	100	100
Virginia	100	100
Washington	100	100
West Virginia	100	100
Wisconsin	100	100
Wyoming	100	100

[illegible]

Delay Jump In Gas Rate

The Boston Consolidated Telephone Company filed the new rules January 1. They were to become effective January 1, 1934.

 DANCING

HARKINS 347 MANA AVE. ELM. CINDY
2 PKINAJE JENSON 81
HIGHEST GRADE OF INSTRUCTION
HONORABLE SERVICE 46 AMMUNITION
TAP STANLEY BROWN FORMERLY "COBBER"
CLUB" 6 Y 295 HUNT AVE. COB. 64,
Dance Recital, June 6

FOR SALE

July 1944

NOISELESS MONARCH "B"
Rent this fine noiseless typewriter that responds to the lightest touch. Initial rental applied on purchase.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.
FEDERAL BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.
17 E. Chicago St.

TOPCOATS
1 AND 2

PANTS 98-169

EMPLOYMENT

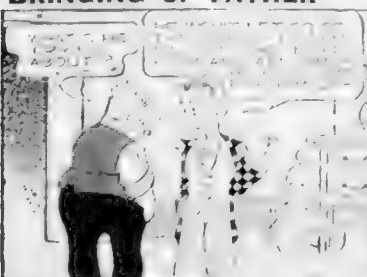
62—Employment for Men and Women

68—Instructions

BE A CERTIFIED WELDER
New England's Only Paralel Welding School
Special Summer Classes Now Enrolling
Learn Welding 81 Cottage Ave.
At N. H. Station, N. H. Union, Conn. C.

LEARN WELDING 81 Cottage Ave.
At N. H. Station, N. H. Union, Conn. C.

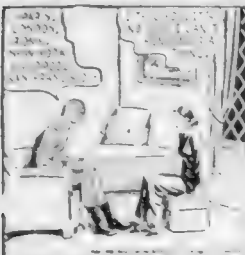
BRINGING UP FATHER



Jiggs Is An Optimist



THE PHANTOM



A Visitor for "Miss Banks"

POPEYE



On Their Last Flap

SKIPPY



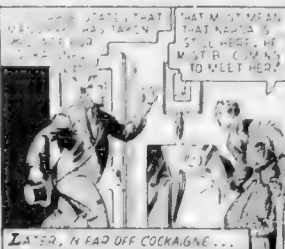
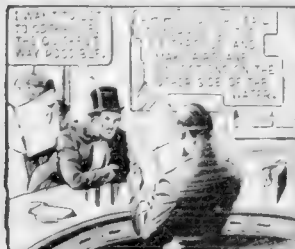
A Fair Exchange

SECRET AGENT X-9



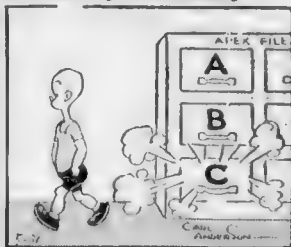
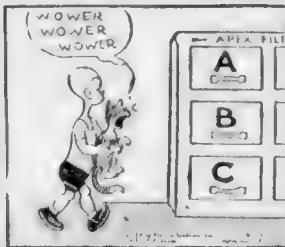
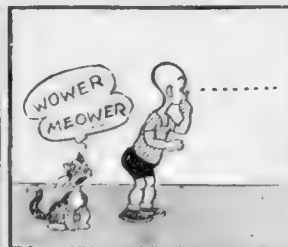
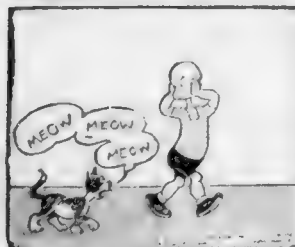
The G-Man Dresses for a New Role

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



He Shall Not Enter

HENRY



Twentieth Century Efficiency

WILLIAMS RATED LONGEST HITTER SINCE BABE RUTH

By JOE CASHMAN

The new York Yankees' greatest pitcher, the greatest hitter since Babe Ruth, is Ted Williams. The Yankees' greatest pitcher, the greatest hitter since Babe Ruth, is Ted Williams.

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COMING THROUGH, BOYS. Ted Williams breaks through his right field position and packed stands on holiday to cheer their idol Ted during the game. First was home runs right into their laps as Sox split with Yankees. First was home runs right into their laps as Sox split with Yankees.

Dog Race Season On Tomorrow At Revere

The dog race season at Revere is set to begin tomorrow. The races will be held at the Revere Dog Track, which is located on the Revere Peninsula. The races will be held at the Revere Dog Track, which is located on the Revere Peninsula.

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Bets On Wrong Horse, Collects \$1759.50

OMAHA, Neb., May 31 (AP)—Mrs. John Donoghue, Omaha, bet on the wrong horse. She won \$1759.50.

Mrs. Donoghue, a bookkeeper, wife, explained she wanted to bet on No. 3 horse and No. 11 horse in the Ak-Sar-Ben race track daily double. At the ticket window, she made a mistake and called for No. 1 horse and No. 11 horse.

Her husband, John, and Mrs. Donoghue, a bookkeeper, wife, explained she wanted to bet on No. 3 horse and No. 11 horse in the Ak-Sar-Ben race track daily double. At the ticket window, she made a mistake and called for No. 1 horse and No. 11 horse.

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Gold Coast
Whiskey
The FLAVOR YOU'LL ENJOY
\$1.15 Pint-\$2.15 Quart
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
S.S. PIERCE CO.
BOSTON
WHOLESALE CERTIFIED RETAILERS

**MEN CALL THIS
THE GREATEST RAZOR EVER BUILT!**

1. FINEST
2. THE NEW
3. THE NEW
4. THE NEW

49¢

**NEW GILLETTE TECH
RAZOR**

N. Y. Champions Face Pets Here

The New York Yankees will face the Boston Red Sox in a game at Fenway Park. The game will be held at Fenway Park, which is located on the Revere Peninsula.

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MORSE'S BASEMENT
Tomorrow
SALE FOR CASH FACTORY SURPLUS
Men's Suits

A typical Morse Basement Value! Fine-quality worsted in a big selection of new Spring styles and patterns including drapes, models—single and double breasted—fashionable tweeds, herringbones, some chalk stripes. Not every size in every style but all sizes included.

\$14.90

\$16.75 Tropical Worsted SUITS \$11.00

A real cool for weather suit at a give-away price! Single or double breasted models. Some sport backs in the big—pool collection of colors.

Leopold Morse & Co.
ADAMS SQ. ONLY ADAMS SQ. ONLY

**NATIONAL LEAGUE FIELD
BEES vs. CINCINNATI**
Tomorrow at 3:00 P.M.
N.Y. at 10:00 A.M. N.Y. at 10:00 A.M.



Mr. Boston Gives Birthday Gift

Opens Column To Public

"MR. BOSTON" IS celebrating its twelfth birthday, and as a gift to its thousands of readers is today starting a new feature . . . You are invited to write letters to "Mr. Boston," Boston Evening American, Boston, Mass., on any matter that may be of interest . . . You may write on sports, movie stars, public officials, your favorite cocktail, about flowers or what not. Keep your letters as brief as possible.

In today's column are published some letters that have been received by "Mr. Boston" during the past week . . . They will give you an idea how to prepare your letters.

If you can get a laugh or a wisecrack into your letter, so much the better . . . You can also write poetry, but if you do so keep the poem short . . . None of us are Longfellow, Tennyson, Shelley or Browning. The idea behind all this is to give as many people as possible an opportunity to express thoughts that may be helpful to athletes and to the community.

The "Mr. Boston" column was originated by this writer 12 years ago at a time when Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney, two Boston heavyweights, were the talk of New York . . . The first article appeared from New York as a news story with this writer quoting the mythical "Mr. Boston" on Sharkey and Maloney. The second "Mr. Boston" was published in the same form . . . At the time there was not any intention of starting the present "Mr. Boston" column.

The late Edward F. Maloney, at the time editor of this newspaper, liked the local anti-climaticism shown by "Mr. Boston" and suggested to this writer that the feature be carried as a daily column . . . It was Mr. Maloney who selected the caricature of "Mr. Boston" that has since appeared in this space . . . The editor felt that the caricature was typical of old Boston . . .

4,200,000 Words

"Mr. Boston" is a seven-day newspaper feature and appears in the Sunday Advertiser as well as in the Boston Evening American.

Even though he occasionally sips champagne, "Mr. Boston" has been on the job almost daily since he celebrated his first birthday . . . Each column averages 1000 words which makes 7000 words a week . . . Over 50 weeks in a year "Mr. Boston" insists on a two weeks vacation when possible; there are 250,000 words in this space . . . In 12 years the total has hit 4,200,000.

"Mr. Boston" has taken his readers with him on his travels, and has always tried to keep his column interesting, authoritative and chatty . . . In 1929 "Mr. Boston" went to Florida with Jack Sharkey, who was under contract to box "Young Stribling" at Miami Beach . . . "Mr. Boston" was the first daily column to be wired from Florida to a northern newspaper . . . At that time "Mr. Boston" spent 30 days in Florida, and blazed the trail in Florida for the late Arthur Brisbane, Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell and Bill Corum. Now "Mr. Boston" pours champagne for all of you, and offers a toast for the success of the new feature . . . You can help by sending in your letter.

One for Dad

The following sign is in the window of an Allston liquor store: "Fathers' Day Specials."

ATTY. BILL DONAHUE.

One Third Cut

I don't see anything unethical about good looking men marrying movie stars who are in the big money. I presume the new husbands get at least one third of their wife's earnings. Nobody takes exception when a doll knots herself with a champion fighter and takes a 90 per cent slice of his money.

DOROTHY M.

Reduces One Ton

I took off one ton of weight while boxing. A heavyweight can easily knock off 20 to 25 pounds of weight



MR. AND MRS. JACK SHARKEY

during training periods. When I started training for Floyd Johnson, I scaled 211 pounds, and entered the ring at 181 pounds. Diet is a lady man's form of exercise.

JACK SHARKEY.

We Take a Bow

Wasn't it Jack Conway who wrote in the Boston Evening American last winter that Eddie Shore was soon to leave the Bruins? And now Shore is Springfield bound to accept a post in the management of that club. A GALLERY GOD.

Baseball Handicaps

Maybe Joe Louis could stop the Yanks, but certainly no American League club can do so. They should adopt golf's handicap system for the American League. The Yanks would start from scratch, give the Red Sox 12 games, Cleveland and Chicago 18, and the remainder of the clubs 20 to 30 games. I would still bet on the Yanks.

NEWSPAPER ROW.

Eligible Bachelors

Have been checking up on the town's eligible bachelors and find it is a photo finish between Police Commissioner Joe Timilty and Walter Brown of the Garden.

FLORENCE K.

\$1,750 a Day

It is true Sam Simons paid Suffolk Downs \$1750 a day for concessions during the 1938 meeting. Under a guarantee and percentage arrangement.

JOHN T. LAMBERT.

No Objections

Nobody even suggested that the saliva test taken by Dr. Gene Bradley of the Massachusetts Racing Commission staff and which showed Last Romance had been given morphine was not 100 per cent. Horsemen agree the handling of the test is perfect, and that the analysis calls them as they are.

CHARLES F. CONNORS.

Princess Baba

It looks very much as if Princess Baba will be reconciled with her father, the white Rajah of Surinam. Things have been sweet since the Rance visited with us in Hollywood. BOB GREGORY.

Pat Dengis Smashes Record In Salisbury Marathon

SALISBURY BEACH, Mass., May 31 (AP)—Pat Dengis of Baltimore, shaved his course record by 33 1-5 seconds and gained his second straight victory in the Lawrence-Salisbury Beach marathon by out-distancing Johnny Kelley of Arlington, Mass., his only serious rival in the 26 miles, 285-yard grind.

Dengis' time was 2 hours, 12 minutes, 54 2-5 seconds. He outdistanced Kelley by nearly three-quarters of a mile.

Dengis and Kelley, content to match strides with Gerard Cole of Verdun, P. Q., and Paul Donato of Boston, during the early stages, pulled into a wide lead after the 10-mile mark. They then ran side by side until they reached the 20-mile mark in Amesbury, where Dengis spurred into the lead and plodded the remainder of the route unchallenged.

Kelley crossed the line in 2:37:07, about a mile ahead of Cole, who was clocked in 2:43:30. Donato was fourth, in 2:45:31; George Dargin of Beverly, fifth in 2:48:50; the 51-year-old Clarence DeMar of Keene, N. H., sixth in 2:50:32; and Don Heinicke of Baltimore, who placed second in "Tarzan" Brown in last month's Boston A. A. race, was seventh in 2:52:58.

Walter Young, the Verdun, P. Q., policeman who won the inaugural Lawrence-Salisbury Beach race in 1937, a few weeks after he led the B. A. A. field, was eighth in 2:54:59. Andre Brunelle of Medford, ninth in 2:57:15 and William Simons of Needham, tenth in 3:04:09.

The remainder of the first 20-
11—John Wiley, Boston 3:04:10
12—Frank Brown, Medford 3:07:30
13—Edward Brown, Amesbury 3:09:12
14—Fred Brown, Medford 3:09:24
15—Leo Guard, Rockton 3:11:17
16—Sam Gardette, Milw., Me. 3:12:42
17—John Temple, Beverly 3:14:34
18—David Heyman, New York 3:17:38
19—Herbert Wood, Greenfield 3:18:34



Pat Dengis greets wife with kiss after winning Lawrence-Salisbury holiday marathon.

FOOTBALL OFFICIAL DIES

EMMITTSBURG, Md., May 31 (AP)—Michael J. (Mike) Thompson, 62, dean of football officials, who spent most of his 62 years teaching others to play the game, died of a heart attack early today.

To The DOG RACES At REVERE



Ride the 'EL' FARE 10¢ VIA MAVERICK

Brown Wins Norwich Race

NORWICH, Ct., May 31 (AP)—Elliott Tarzan Brown, Narragansett Indian of Westerly, R. I., and this year's winner of the Boston Marathon, won the National A. A. U. 15-kilometer championship here, turning John McCusker, former Furham distance star, into the ground in the 18th lap. Brown's time was 53:53, about two minutes under last year's record.

Leslie Pawson of Pawtucket, R. I., twice a winner of the Boston Marathon, was second in 52:33, and Lou Gregory of the Milrose A. A., New York, third, in 50:10.

Reds Two Up Despite Blanks

Continued From Page 35

take a few thousand—who saw the games weren't out merely for the sunshine. They were part of a great American tradition.

Major happening of the day was the double shutout suffered by the rugged Reds of Cincinnati, the National League pace setters, at the hands of the Chicago Cubs.

A couple of well-pitched games—by the veteran Larry French and Vance Page and the Redlegs were as much as stuffed owls. That Cincinnati tragedy, by scores of 6-0 and 2-0, coupled with the Cards and the Pirates splitting their twin hills, left the Reds just two games ahead of the field.

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MOXIE HIGHWAY SWEEPSTAKES



Last week's Winners

Miss Marion L. Carnegie, 594 Gallivan Bld., Dorchester, (award made on Route 2 in Quincy)

Mr. John J. Carroll, 11 Edmunds St., Somerville, (award made on Concord turnpike in Lexington)

Mr. Torrey E. Thayer, 874 Furnace Brook Pkwy., Quincy, (award made on Morton St., Dorchester)

2 cases large Moxie in Kenner Co., Inc., Dorchester; 2 cases to Metropolitan Drug Co., Arlington Heights; 1 case to Thayer Drug Co., Dorchester.

GET YOUR STICKER TODAY

The Grand Stand Manager

Unless Tom Yawkey gets a new manager for the Red Sox Boston won't see a World Series for a few decades.

The owner of the Red Sox is a generous spender, but here he is using a player in manager's shoes as well. Mr. Yawkey should keep Joe Cronin at shortstop and get a manager to worry exclusively about that end of the game.

HERB CURRID.

366 Putnam avenue, Cambridge.

What has Mr. Sullivan to say about the Red Sox now? If it wasn't for Mr. Joseph Cronin the Sox would not even be dreaming about the first division. Joe Cronin will land the Sox on top this year.

Ted Williams is a great player. Just study the averages. When the Sox start to hit consistently heaven help the opposition. More luck and power to the future champs. MARY TOMMEY.

12 Francis street, Roxbury.

I want to say that the A. L. race is not a two-club but only a one-club affair.

In my opinion the A. L. race is going to stay about as it is now with the Yanks having a nice time mowing down the other clubs. The Red Sox are just trying for individual records, trying to boost their own batting marks, and not sacrificing themselves in order to advance teammates or get them in scoring position.

HERBERT GOODMAN,

99 Elm Hill avenue, Roxbury.

What is the matter with the Red Sox lately? I'll tell you.

Manager Cronin's starting pitchers are Grove, Rich, Aker, Wilson, Bagby and occasionally Galehouse. Having Weaver, Dickman and Wade have yet to start and Ostermiller has only started when the Sox are playing the Senators, because he has the Indian sign on them.

Having can pitch with the best of them. He pitched the Sox into second place last year. Dickman would improve with work. Wake up, Mr. Cronin.

STEPHEN SISTIS,

506 Tremont street, Boston.

Providence Nine Trounces R. I. State

PROVIDENCE, May 31 (AP)—Providence College spotted Rhode Island State four runs in the first inning here and then crushed the Rams 13 to 4, for the second victory of the year over them.

RADIO STAR'S GOOD HEAD OF HAIR IS AN ASSET



Arthur Amador, baritone who is heard several times weekly on the National Broadcasting Co. network from WBZ, Boston, consults and takes treatments from John E. Warner, New England's leading hair and scalp specialist. Mr. Amador knows that his good head of hair is a real asset—and he intends to keep it. He knows, as all sensible men do, that baldness is a permanent condition, but through proper scientific treatment he can avoid baldness. If you are losing your hair you owe it to yourself to find out if John E. Warner can help you. There is no charge or obligation for a private consultation at his office—515 Washington St., near the corner of West St., opposite R. H. White's. Hours 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily, Saturdays to 6 p. m. Phone Hubbard 1765.—Advt.

They'll Do It Every Time

:-: Hatlo



Yesterday's Heroes

RID SOX

Regular players—Williams, Cronin, Foxx, Doerr.
Pitcher—Weaver.

DEES

Regular players—West, Fletcher.

The leader in each division at the end of the season will be awarded a Gruen wrist watch. Watch each Monday's Boston Evening American for complete standing.

Red Sox, B's Averages

Players	AB	R	H	HR	ER	BA
Bagby, p	18	4	6	1	3	.375
Fox, 1b	102	24	37	7	23	.363
Grove, "	3	1	0	0	2	.333
Rich, p	19	4	4	0	6	.316
Tabor, 2b	135	14	41	1	21	.304
Peacock, c	40	2	13	0	6	.300
Nemmelkamp, cf	17	3	3	0	3	.294
Doerr, 2b	135	21	48	3	18	.294
Traver, p	17	1	3	1	1	.284
Cramer, cf	151	31	44	0	17	.281
Williams, cf	123	19	37	8	26	.278
Finney, 1b	38	8	8	0	5	.267
Vonessa, lf	138	38	37	3	23	.266
Ostermiller, p	8	0	2	0	1	.250
Carter, p	27	12	11	0	14	.241
Aker, p	13	1	2	0	1	.154
Duckert, c	9	1	1	0	0	.111
Wilson, cf	8	0	1	0	0	.125
McFarlane, p	9	1	1	0	0	.111
Moving, p	7	0	0	0	0	.000
Weaver, p	4	0	0	0	0	.000
Dickman, p	2	0	0	0	0	.000
Wade, p	0	0	0	0	0	.000

PITCHERS' RECORDS

Players	W	L	P.C.
Weaver	1	0	1.000
Ostermiller	1	0	1.000
Rich	1	0	.800
Moving	1	0	.750
Doerr	1	0	.667
Aker	1	0	.600
Bagby	1	0	.600
Wilson	1	0	.500
Galehouse	1	1	.500

DEES

Players	AB	R	H	HR	ER	BA
Majorski, 2b	5	0	2	0	3	.400
Hawest, 1b-7f	108	12	38	1	16	.352
Sullivan, c	3	1	1	0	8	.333
Early, p	3	1	1	0	0	.333
Creswell, 2b	64	10	28	2	13	.313
Garnes, 1b-7f	128	29	42	1	14	.299
Ericksen, p	11	0	3	0	0	.273
Fletcher, 1b	86	14	28	8	8	.279
Simsom, lf	115	17	31	8	12	.270
Outlaw, cf	16	4	4	0	1	.250
Couney, cf	189	13	58	0	15	.253
Miller, ss	135	11	29	1	11	.215
West, cf	78	8	17	4	19	.215
Lopez, c	114	7	22	2	11	.193
Bodgin, p	24	2	3	0	4	.182
Turner, p	21	2	4	1	2	.191
Ward, c	21	3	4	0	0	.191
Warbler, ss	80	9	13	0	5	.163
MacFarlane, p	19	1	3	0	9	.158
Shoffner, p	8	0	1	0	1	.125
Lanning, p	9	0	1	0	1	.125
Peter, p	22	0	2	0	6	.091
Powder, p	14	0	1	0	9	.071
Frankhouse, p	9	0	1	0	9	.090

PITCHERS' RECORDS

Players	W	L	P.C.
Fette	0	0	.250
Shoffner	1	1	.500
Sullivan	1	1	.500
Ericksen	1	1	.500
Turner	1	1	.500
Frankhouse	1	1	.500
Early	1	1	.500
Lanning	1	1	.500

Takes 8-Pound Trout on Cape

By DARK MONTREAL

Hold on to your hat!

Kendrick Sears of West Barnstable caught a brown trout weighing eight pounds eight and one-half ounces in Cliff pond, East Brewster. The lunger was taken on a gray ghost steamer casting.

Only 27½ inches in length, the big brownie had a girth of 15½ inches. This is the largest trout taken from Cliff this year, and to the best of my knowledge, the largest taken in the state. It tops H. A. Barlow's brown by half a pound.

Keep hold of your hat!

There are big squiteague in Marion harbor.

Down on the Jersey coast, where they make a regular and profitable business of luring New Yorkers out on party boats, a squiteague (or weakfish as he is called down there) that goes eight or nine pounds is considered something to broadcast about from the top of the Empire State building.

Well, in Marion harbor, away up inside the harbor, squiteague going better than 10 pounds are being taken every tide, and one fish of 13 pounds has been killed. Striped bass tackle, bait and trolling methods are being used.

The top items are the majors in the grip of the long and pleasant week-end of fishing—that is, the biggest fresh water news and the best salt water news. The striped bass run was only fair. The tautog run continued good in Buzzards Bay, but the fish this side of the Cape were few and far between.

Strangest sight of the week-end was the State Pier, with several hundred anglers elbow to elbow, men, women and children, using tackle of all sorts, fishing for tautog and flat fish at the mouth of the canal.

They need a set of rules and regulations there. Another set of rules and regulations is also needed on the Weantit river and other crowded trolling thoroughfares. I'm going into a budge with myself and draw them up.

Out of the mail creel comes an interesting letter from F. J. Sullivan, of 18 Florence st., Brockton. He writes:

"I was reading your column in the Advertiser and came across the article about Little Long Pond. I have fished the ponds down there for years, and I think I am in a position to inform you in regard to the rainbow trout in Big and Little Long ponds.

"I have taken rainbows out of Little Long which were pretty good size fish, believe it or not, there is an occasional salmon

also taken out of there. Harry Woodward, who lives on the pond, said he found a 15-pound dead salmon on the shore of Little Long after the ice broke up.

"Only here last fall a pal of mine found a dead Sebago salmon on the shore of Big Long. She was full of spawn. I sent the spawn into the state department but they sent word back they could not determine if they spawn and hatch under the natural conditions in the pond. I thought you might be interested to know these facts.

"I would be very glad to show some of your special friends some good trout or bass fishing when the latter season opens up. I don't mean those who go out for blood but those who want good sport."

To F. J. Sullivan, Dark Montreal thanks for information regarding Little Long and also for an invitation that I hope to accept.

F. S. None of my fishing friends goes out for blood.

Answers to Queries

Yawnoo, Scituate—No tautog caught there yet so far as I can learn.

Bob Singleton, Providence—Why go way to Buzzards Bay? You have some well tautog fishing almost in your backyard, out Long Meadow and Rocky Point way. Walter Cockshaw and Rudy Kurlmeyer, of Roslindale fished down there Sunday, with George Bates, and took some nice ones. They used muskels for bait and report that's all they're taking.

Star Drug, Haverhill—New Hampshire season on pickerel, white perch and horned pout opens tomorrow—base not until July 1. Yes, there is a new limit on yellow perch there—40 a day. Only a brood sow would take that many. Muscalonge season opens there tomorrow too, but I dunno where they catch them. Do you?



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ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern



Sport Inteludes

Weaver Surprises Sox Boss Cronin } McCarthy Bidding
Sox Boss Cronin } For 2 New Pitchers

By BILL GRIMES

After the poor showing of the Red Sox and Yankee pitchers at Fenway Park, it's very evident that Joe Cronin and Joe McCarthy need hurlers. . . Monte Weaver crossed up everyone in the park, including the Red Sox, by turning back the Yanks in the first game.

Gene Desautels was a great asset to the Sox in the first game. . . He caught a perfect game, calling for many change of pace pitches and curve balls. . . Most of the nine hits made off Weaver were on fast balls. . . The Yankee slug-gers didn't look so good when Monte "pulled the string" and served them that "old No. 2" . . . Although he refused to name the club with which he is dealing, Joe McCarthy admitted yesterday that



Gene Desautels

he has a trade in the making which will get him a couple of pitchers, whom he believes can win consistently. . . Joe Gallagher will figure in the trade. . . Not Jake Powell, as so many believe that Yanks would like to get off their payroll. . . And one or possibly two rookies the Yanks have on "farms" clubs will be brought up and sold down the river. . .

BRADLEY VIEWS PASTIME

Hughie Bradley, the old Red Sox first baseman, watched the double header from Tom Yawkey's box. . . Hughie was the first player to hit a home run over the left field fence at Fenway Park. . . Teddy Williams is destined to develop into the greatest box office attraction that the Red Sox ever had. . . And at the rate he's going, Ted will be one of the greatest sluggers in the annals of the national pastime. . . He's too smart to continue to allow pitchers to fool him with their slow stuff. . . And, he has plenty of color. . .

Billy Weir lost a tough game to Rochester yesterday. . . He held the Red Birds to five hits but lost the game. . . The Red Sox fact to 3 to 1, despite the fact that Toronto connected with ten hits. . . With Jack Wilson on the mound, the Red Sox defense collapsed. . . And Jack didn't help matters by taking his windup while Joe Gordon was on second base. . .

Jack Wilson

The Red Sox were charged with only three errors. . . They made at least a half dozen. . . The pavilion was filled at 10 o'clock and an hour later all of the bleacher seats had been sold. . . Max West connected with a couple of home runs yesterday and the Bees cashed in on his first with their first win in seven starts. . . Dick Bartell ruined the Bees when he crashed into Tony Cuccinello. . . Johnny Barrett, the Lowell hit, the Red Sox have had around farm clubs for three or four years, is now with Scranton. . . Sinus trouble cost him a high spot with the Louisville Colonels. . . Heury Picard didn't waste any time putting the "eye" on Paul Runyan in the second and final play for the Metropolitan championship. . . He opened up with two "birdies," which put the P. G. A. titleholder in a tough spot. . . The Pakachog Golf Club of Worcester has applied for membership in the Massachusetts Golf Association. . .

DOG RACING STARTS TOMORROW AT REVERE

The curtain will raise for the fifth consecutive greyhound racing season at Wonderland Park, Revere, tomorrow night when the Bay State Kennel Club opens in its 45-day racing period, and then gives way to the Old Harbor Kennel Club which operates for 18 nights, concluding the Summer meeting August 12. The latter organization returns to conduct the Fall Meet during the month of October. Hugh Bain of Hingham, will officiate as Presiding Judge, while Tom Keedy of Melrose will serve as Associate. Timer will be Hugh McGrath of Brighton.

Following are the mid-week schooling races:

FIRST RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Pawn Fitz	46	4	2 1/2 1 1/2
Try Again	48	3	1 1/2 2 1/2
King's Court	48	4	2 1/2 3 1/2
Country Fitz	50	2	3 1/2 5 1/2
Tim's Daughter	50	6	6 1/2 7 1/2
Candidate	46	1	4 3 8 6

SECOND RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Royal Mail	50	2	3 1/2 1 1/2
Headman	52	1	2 3 2 2 1/2
Link Spot	54	3	4 3 5 2 1/2
Try Command	54	2	3 4 4 4 1/2
Rum Rum	54	4	5 5 5 5 1/2

THIRD RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Uplike Laddie	49	2	1 1/2 1 1/2
Tally Tax	50	1	2 1/2 2 1/2
Lacy Fitz	52	1	1 1/2 2 1/2
Past Route	50	5	3 3 2 1/2
Katrine Court	52	4	3 3 2 1/2

FOURTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Whisker	57	5	3 3 3 1/2
Len More	58	4	2 1/2 2 1/2
Intelle	58	4	2 1/2 2 1/2
Grey Mark	58	2	1 1/2 2 1/2
Locker	60	1	4 2 4 1/2

FIFTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Gen. Manager	74	1	6 2 2 1/2
Josette	54	4	3 4 4 1/2
Crap Shooter	56	2	3 4 4 1/2
Lively Lady	56	2	1 1/2 2 1/2
Orin Rawdon	58	3	3 3 3 1/2
Jig Time	59	4	4 6 6 6

SIXTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Gaelic Grace	58	4	3 3 2 1/2
Lodgion	58	4	3 3 2 1/2
Ragan's Purr	58	4	3 3 2 1/2
Ragan's Mummy	58	4	3 3 2 1/2
Cuppy	58	3	3 3 3 1/2
Ragan's Purr	58	3	3 3 3 1/2

SEVENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Buxxy Cutlet	58	3	1 1/2 1 1/2
Uplike Harmony	58	4	2 4 2 1/2
King Christoph	58	4	2 4 2 1/2
Night Raven	57	1	2 3 2 1/2
Perry Player	57	1	2 3 2 1/2
Cedar Laddie	58	4	2 5 5 6

EIGHTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Paters	70	2	1 1/2 1 1/2
Cam Countess	53	4	4 5 5 2 1/2
Good Punch	56	3	3 5 5 5 1/2
Orin Rawdon	58	3	3 5 5 5 1/2
First Lad	58	3	3 5 5 5 1/2

NINTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Tai Ball	58	1	5 1 1/2 1 1/2
Ginny	58	1	2 3 2 2 1/2
Adia Lee	58	1	2 3 2 2 1/2
Katrine Court	58	1	2 3 2 2 1/2
Mutton Boy	58	4	5 5 5 5 1/2
Ryle	58	4	5 5 5 5 1/2

TENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Winter Rain	58	3	2 1/2 1 1/2
Don Amehoe	72	6	2 3 1 1/2 1 1/2
Noble Per	72	6	2 3 1 1/2 1 1/2
Miss Stella	58	6	5 5 5 5 1/2
Pamper Foot	58	6	5 5 5 5 1/2
Jockey	66	4	1 1/2 5 6

ELEVENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Just Candor	57	2	1 1/2 1 1/2
Desaucho	58	4	3 3 3 3 1/2
Friend Bullie	58	4	3 3 3 3 1/2
Noble Per	70	6	5 5 5 5 1/2
Bad Louper	53	3	3 3 3 3 1/2
Dancing	62	2	4 5 5 5 1/2

TWELFTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Maid Spring	72	2	2 1/2 1 1/2
Waltz By	58	6	1 1/2 3 3 1/2
Lumped Out	58	6	1 1/2 3 3 1/2
Lager Air	58	6	4 4 4 4 1/2
Hazel	58	6	4 4 4 4 1/2
Low Down	62	5	4 4 4 4 1/2

THIRTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—30			
Donna Lee	53	3	3 3 3 1 1/2
Tiger Boy	58	4	3 3 3 1 1/2
Kitty May	48	3	3 3 3 1 1/2
Maid	58	3	3 3 3 1 1/2
Mike Disturber	61	6	1 2 4 4 1/2
Bore-A-By	52	5	2 6 6 6

FOURTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—31			
Ginger Bottle	58	1	3 2 2 1 1/2
Carroll Lad	61	2	4 2 2 2 1/2
Emperour Jones	58	5	1 1/2 3 3 1/2
Walter's Pet	58	5	1 1/2 3 3 1/2
Doctor K	61	3	4 2 4 2 1/2
Teinor	62	2	4 2 4 2 1/2

FIFTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—31			
Daddy Court	68	3	5 3 3 1 1/2
Judge Just	61	1	2 1/2 1 1/2
Jimmy Mame	62	3	3 3 3 1 1/2
Smoky Stuff	71	2	1 1/2 2 4 1/2
Felix Lad	66	3	3 3 3 3 1/2
Levi Lee	66	3	3 3 3 3 1/2

SIXTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—31			
Her Niba	48	1	2 1/2 1 1/2
Red Furber	70	4	2 1/2 1 1/2
Phid Garry	62	3	1 1/2 4 3 1/2
Cherful Garry	62	3	1 1/2 4 3 1/2
Red By Day	61	3	3 3 3 3 1/2
Tulane	72	3	3 3 3 3 1/2

SEVENTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—31			
Gaelic Lad	63	4	3 3 3 1 1/2
Joe Dee	67	1	3 3 3 1 1/2
Anna Arundel	59	2	2 2 2 3 1/2
Therica	59	2	2 2 2 3 1/2
Just Chasing	63	2	4 4 4 4 1/2
Race Mahout	60	3	3 3 3 3 1/2

EIGHTEENTH RACE—FUTURITY			
Time—			

BARE LOST SEA FLIER'S ROMANCE

STORY ON PAGE 3

2c

TREASURY—MAY 31 (AP)
Balance 2 940 517 56
Receipts 22 971 137

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

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Cambridge Prowler Beats Mother, Girl



Prowler's Work—After crawling through window of Cambridge home, prowler beat Mrs. Marian Davis, 47, and her daughter, Judith, 13, as they were sleeping. Their screams roused household and neighbor, Mrs. Jeanette Kratman, 27, who chased fleeing thug, falling on stairs and breaking leg (above). Judith Davis is shown (left) at the window through which prowler entered home.

STORY ON PAGE 2



Fire's Skeleton

One fireman was seriously injured and six persons were carried to safety from upper floors when a \$25,000 fire swept the 105-year-old mansion of James F. Leland, Jr., at Sherborn today. Fireman McCarthy was pinned under chimney.

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